BURNS'S POETICAL WORKS.

Bole

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A. L. M. Young
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

LONDON:
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PATERNOSTER ROW.
MDCCCLXVIII.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION,

BEARING THE IMPRINT, "KILMARNOCK, 1786.

THE following trifles are not the production of the poet who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps, amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the Author of this, these, and other celebrated names, their countrymen, are, at least, in their original language, *a fountain shut up, and a book sealed.* Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, awakened his vanity so far as to make him think anything of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward. Now that he appears in the public character of an Author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as —an impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet of no small consequence forsooth! It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine elegies do honour to our language, our

nation, and our species, that "HUMILITY has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!" If any critic catches at the word GENIUS, the Author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawnings of the poor unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces: but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks—not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life; but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dulness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

DEDICATION TO THE SECOND EDITION.

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the *plough*, and threw her inspiring *mantle* over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social Joy await your return: when harassed in courts or camps, with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native seats: and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude, and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh, April 4,
1787.

MEMOIR

OF

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE Author of the immortal Poems which are now presented to the public in a novel form,—poems, of which Mr. Pitt declared that he could think of none since Shakspeare's that had so much the appearance of sweetly coming from nature, was born in a clay-built cottage on the banks of the Doon, on the 25th day of January, 1759, under auspices which but too truly predicted the fate of him who, amid storm and tempest, was brought into this inhospitable world. ROBERT BURNS was the eldest son of William Burness, and Agnes Brown his wife. William Burness, who was born in 1721, was the son of a small Kincardineshire farmer, whose family had been retainers of the noble house of Keith Marshall, attainted for having been *out* in 1715: their fortunes affected the prosperity of their tenantry, and at the age of nineteen William Burness found himself obliged to leave the paternal roof, and seek his fortune in the wide world. "Never shall I forget," he often said, "the bitter feelings with which I parted from my younger brother on the top of a lonely hill, and turned my steps towards the Border." He first sought employment at Edinburgh as a gardener, from thence he removed to Ayrshire, and lived for two years in the service of the laird of Fairly, and afterwards with Crawford of Doonside. He was next induced to take a perpetual lease of seven acres of land, with the intention of establishing himself as a nurseryman and public gardener; he built a house on this land with his own hands, and in December, 1757, brought home Agnes Brown to his humble dwelling. Before he made much progress in preparing his nursery-ground, he was engaged by Mr. Ferguson, who had lately purchased the neighbouring estate of Doonholm, in the double capacity of gardener and overseer, and such was his condition when Robert Burns was born. The storms of winter howled round the cradle of the Poet; the frail walls of the clay built hovel yielded to the blast; and at midnight the mother and her helpless infant were borne from their tottering house to the shelter of a neighbouring cottage. This evil was however soon repaired, and for nine years William Burness continued in the service of Mr. Ferguson, whilst his wife occupied herself in the management of her family, and of

a small dairy. They lived contented and happy, and comparatively prosperous. This peaceful life was not however of long continuance. In an evil hour, Burness, desirous of making a better provision for his rising family than his present circumstances allowed, resolved to become a farmer. Mr. Ferguson, to whom he had proved a valuable and faithful servant, granted him a lease of a farm called Mount Oliphant, on which he entered at Whitsuntide, 1766, and lent him a hundred pounds to assist in stocking it. This step was but the commencement of a series of misfortunes, which pursued him to the grave. The soil of Mount Oliphant was poor, the rent was high; his friendly landlord died, and the estates fell into the management of "a stern factor, whose threatening letters," says Robert Burns, "set us all in tears." Hard labour and rigid economy were vainly opposed to the tide of misfortune. Gilbert Burns, the poet's younger brother, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, thus feelingly describes their condition. "For several years butcher's meat was a stranger in the house, while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength, and rather beyond it, in the labours of the farm. My brother, at the age of thirteen, assisted in thrashing the crop of corn, and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm, for we had no hired servant, male or female. The anguish of mind we felt at our tender years, under these straits and difficulties, was very great. To think of our father growing old (for he was now above fifty), broken down with the long-continued fatigues of his life, with a wife and five other children, and in a declining state of circumstances,—these reflections produced in my brother's mind and mine sensations of the deepest distress."

For eleven years William Burness continued to struggle on at Mount Oliphant; at Whitsuntide, 1777, he removed to Lochlea, a better farm, of 130 acres, in the parish of Tarbolton, about ten miles from Mount Oliphant. Here for four years he met with better success, but in the fifth the sky was again overcast. The markets were unfavourable, and a dispute arose concerning the terms of his lease, the conditions of which had never been reduced to writing. The difference was at length referred to arbitration: the result was his ruin. He lived to be acquainted with the decision which destroyed his last hopes of worldly prosperity, but death spared him from further suffering; he died of consumption on the 13th February, 1784.

William Burness was not an ordinary man. Of his integrity, the confidence reposed in him by Mr. Ferguson is an honourable testimony; of his care of the education of his children, not only his illustrious first-born, but his whole family, and especially his second son, Gilbert, were convincing proofs. He was himself possessed of considerable information; to the ordinary education of a Scottish peasant, he added an extensive and shrewd knowledge of mankind: "I have met with few," said his son Robert, "who understood men, their manners, and their ways, better than my father." Amidst all the pressure of hardship and misfortune, the care of his children's minds was ever uppermost with William Burness. His son Robert was sent, in his sixth year, to a school at Alloway Miln, but the

teacher being shortly removed to another situation. William Burness, and five of his neighbours, engaged John Murdoch, a student of divinity, in his stead, lodging him by turns in their houses. The character of William Burness is well depicted in a letter from Mr. Murdoch to Dr. Currie, published in his life of the Poet. "He was," says Mr. Murdoch, "a tender and affectionate father; he took pleasure in leading his children in the path of virtue; not in driving them, as some parents do, to the performance of duties to which they themselves are averse. He took care to find fault but very seldom; and therefore, when he did rebuke, he was listened to with a kind of reverential awe. A look of disapprobation was felt; a reproof was severely so; and a stripe with the tawz (scourge), even on the skirt of the coat, gave heartfelt pain, produced a loud lamentation, and brought forth a flood of tears. . . . But I must not pretend to give you a description of all the manly qualities, the rational and Christian virtues, of the venerable William Burness. Time would fail me. I shall only add that he carefully practised every known duty, and avoided everything that was criminal: or, in the apostle's words, 'Herein did he exercise himself, in living a life void of offence towards God, and towards men.'"

Both Robert and Gilbert evinced great aptitude in learning, and Murdoch was a kind and skilful master. In reading, writing, and arithmetic, they made rapid progress, and were generally at the upper end of the class, even when ranged with boys by far their seniors.

They remained under the care of Mr. Murdoch for about two years, when he left that part of the country; but William Burness continued to instruct his family. In the winter evenings he taught them arithmetic; he borrowed Salmon's Geographical Grammar, Derham's Physico and Astro Theology, and Ray's Wisdom of God in the Creation, and gave them to his children to read: in their walks and at their labours he would lead the conversation to subjects tending to increase their knowledge or confirm their virtuous habits. For their religious instruction, he himself compiled a manual, still existing, in which the rigid Calvinism of the more orthodox presbyterians is somewhat tempered by the milder doctrines of Arminianism.

In noticing the education which Burns received, a somewhat curious fact should not be omitted. Murdoch attempted to teach his pupils a little church music, but the two Burnses were far behind their companions in this exercise, and Robert's ear was so dull, and his voice so untuneable, that it was some time before he could distinguish one tune from another; yet in after days his facility in exquisitely adapting the rhythm of his verses to the melody to which they were attached, was remarkable.

The year after the departure of Mr. Murdoch, who was then established in the town of Ayr, our poet enjoyed the advantage of three weeks' further tuition from him,—one week before the harvest, and two at its conclusion. This short space was occupied in perfecting his knowledge of English grammar, and in some attempts at a knowledge of the French language; but although he returned with a dictionary and a *Télémaque*, and by dint of laborious study

made some progress in the language, yet he never mastered it, and does not appear to have resumed the study at a later period.

The thirst for knowledge was now, however, awakened in him; and he perused with avidity every book he could obtain. In his situation it was difficult to gain access to any, and it was impossible for him to choose; yet such circumstances have their advantages. The man limited to one book will read it thoroughly, when, if turned loose into a library, he would perhaps dip into many and *read* none. Burns has left a list of the books he had perused before the family left Mount Oliphant, that is to say, at the age of eighteen. The collection is heterogeneous; but, properly applied, contained a fund of *real* knowledge, and there is good evidence that Burns did properly apply it. "What I knew of ancient story," says Burns, "was gathered from Salmon's and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the Spectator. These, with Pope's works, some plays of Shakspeare, Tate and Dickson on Agriculture, the Life of Hannibal, Pantheon, Locke on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Directory, Boyle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, a Select Collection of English Songs, and Hervey's Meditations, had formed the whole of my reading." To these studies must be added the songs and ballads of his country, which he delighted to listen to, and which probably first awakened the poetic fire in his breast.

Burns's poetical predilections had manifested themselves long before quitting Mount Oliphant; Love and Poetry were the twin-birth of his ardent bosom; but in his own words must the tale be told. In a letter to his friend, Dr. Moore, he says, "You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom, 'she was a bonnie sweet sonsie lass.' In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion which, in spite of acid disappointment, sardonic prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell. You medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Eolian harp; and, particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I lock'd and finger'd over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities she sang sweetly: and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men that had Greek and Latin; but my girl sang a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with

whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he: for, excepting that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry." Does not this give tenfold interest to

O, once I loved a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that virtue warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.

The fire once kindled, ceased not to burn; almost all his earlier pieces were inspired, not by ethereal goddesses, but substantial charms, invested by the genius of the poet with a celestial radiance. They are the genuine feelings of the heart exhibited in glowing verse.

The youthful lover, "to give his manners a brush," as he expresses it, ventured on his father's displeasure, and went to a dancing school. The displeasure was, however, transient, and his father suffered the rest of his family to attend during the second month. In his nineteenth year, Burns attended a mathematical school at Kirkoswald: but here we must again refer to his letter to Dr. Moore. "A circumstance," says he, "which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c., in which I made a good progress. But I made a greater progress in mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillette*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I however struggled on with my *sines* and *cosines* for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel, like

'Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.'

"It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining weeks I stayed, I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.

"I returned home very considerably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of Thomson's and Shenstone's works; I had seen human nature in a new phasis; and I engaged several of my schoolfellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly; I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me; and a comparison between them

and the composition of most of my correspondents flattered my vanity. I carried this whim so far, that though I had not three farthings' worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of day-book and ledger.

"My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. *Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my sole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure; Sterne and Mackenzie—Tristram Shandy and The Man of Feeling—were my bosom favourites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind; but it was only indulged according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand; I took up one or the other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. *My passions, once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they found vent in rhyme;* and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet."

In this letter there is much of disturbed and unsatisfactory reflection on by-gone hours. It is explained by another passage from his letters, in which the workings of his mind are forcibly displayed. "The great misfortune of my life *was to want an aim*. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of Fortune were, the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I could never squeeze myself into it;—the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance. Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriacism that made me fly from solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense; and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that, always when two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart, was *un penchant pour l'adorable moitié du genre humain*. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various; sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reaping-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent my evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves in the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts in Europe."

Thus passed the Poet's life till the year 1781, when he went to

Irvine to learn the trade of a flax-dresser. His father entertained the idea of devoting the whole or great part of his farm, to the cultivation of flax; and to keep as much of the profits as possible in the family, he wished to breed his eldest son up as a flax-dresser. But this scheme fell to the ground. In a New-year's carousal the shop took fire and was burnt to ashes, and Burns returned to Lochlea.

His residence at Irvine, although not of long continuance, produced a very unfavourable effect upon him, and to this period of his life may be traced the formation of those habits of convivial intemperance which he subsequently indulged. "He contracted some acquaintance," says his brother Gilbert, "of a freer manner of thinking and living, than he had been used to; whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue, which had hitherto restrained him." He became a Freemason, and was a constant attendant at the convivial meetings of the *brethren* at Irvine and Tarbolton. Company was a relief to the hypochondriacal melancholy which preyed upon him. He evidently felt his own powers within him; he had achieved a sort of reputation of superior ability among his neighbours, but he wanted a field for exertion; he had no aim in life, and, forced back upon himself, he almost despaired. A letter to his father, written only a few days before the accident which put an end to his flax-dressing scheme, is extant. It exhibits a mournful picture of his situation at Irvine, where he possessed a single room for his lodging, subsisted chiefly on oatmeal sent him from his father's house, and passed his days in flax-dressing. It is as follows:—

"Honoured Sir,—I have purposely delayed writing, in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you on New-year's day: but work comes so hard upon us that I do not choose to be absent on that account. My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder, and on the whole I am rather better than otherwise, though I mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review past wants nor look forward into futurity, for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are a little lightened, I *call home* a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable employment is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way. I am quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasinesses, and disquietudes, of this weary life, for I assure you I am heartily tired of it; and if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it.

> 'The soul, uneasy, and confined at home,
> Rests and expatiates in a life to come.'

"It is for this reason that I am more pleased with the 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the 7th chapter of Revelations*, than with any

* 15th. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

16th. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

17th. For the lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

ten times as many verses in the whole Bible, and would not exchange one noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me for all that this world has to offer. As for this world, I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes; indeed, I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing, to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me, which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which I hope have been remembered ere it is yet too late. Present my dutiful respects to my mother, and my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Muir; and wishing you a merry New-year's-day, I shall conclude.

"I am, honoured Sir, your dutiful son,
"ROBERT BURNESS.

"P.S.—My meal is nearly out, but I am going to borrow till I get more."

Shortly before the death of their father, Robert and Gilbert jointly took a lease of the farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline, consisting of 118 acres, at an annual rent of ninety pounds. This they did to provide a shelter for their parents from the impending storm; but William Burness died before the family could remove. After his death, what relics could be gathered from the wreck of their fortunes were carefully collected, and the family was established at Mossgiel. "It was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family," says Gilbert, "and was a joint concern among us. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary wages for the labour he performed on the farm. My brother's allowance and mine was seven pounds per annum each. And during the whole time this family concern lasted, which was four years, as well as during the preceding period at Lochlea, Robert's expenses never, in any one year, exceeded his slender income."

Burns went to Mossgiel with the full determination of applying all his energies to his farm, and for two seasons he appears to have done so; but this period of his life was marked by an event which did not testify much improvement in the habits of the Poet. This was the birth of an illegitimate child, his "sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess," the offspring of one of his mother's servants, by no means attractive in her person. For this misdemeanor he was called to account by the Kirk Session, and he and the partner of his guilt were condemned to the *cutty stool*. The poet revenged himself by witty rhymes, and, it is to be feared, was not benefited by the ecclesiastical scourge.

Whilst at Tarbolton, Burns and his brother, and some other young men of the parish, established a society, which they called the Bachelors' Club, meeting one evening in every month for the purposes of mutual entertainment and improvement. The question proposed at one meeting was debated at the next; and, to prevent all intemperance the expenditure of each party was limited to three

pence. On their removal to Mossgiel they established a similar society at Mauchline, but here they more wisely devoted all fines and subscriptions to the purchase of books, and soon obtained a pretty good stock. The exercise which these debating societies afforded him, and constant practice in parties of all sorts, into which his eager spirit led him, contributed to perfect the brilliant conversational powers for which he was afterwards so celebrated; with which he fascinated not only the hard-drinking members of a Mason's Lodge, but gentlemen and philosophers; not only the rustic maiden but the high-born lady; Ramken and Dugald Stewart; Mary Campbell and the Duchess of Gordon *.

His best poems were produced during his residence at Mossgiel, a period of four years: but he first attracted general notice as a Poet, by his satires; which were called forth by a schism at that time agitating the Kirk of Scotland, and distinguished as the controversy between the Old and New Lights. "The Holy Tailzie, or the Twa Herds;" "Holy Willie's Prayer," and "The Ordination," followed each other in rapid succession, and were universally sought after. Even reverend clergymen, professors of the *New Light*, scrupled not to praise "Holy Willie's Prayer;" which has been described by Sir Walter Scott as "a piece of satire more exquisitely severe than any which Burns ever afterwards wrote, but daringly profane." About this time he discarded the ancient spelling of his name, and began to write Burns instead of Burness; no reason for this change has been assigned, but it was probably occasioned by his desire to be distinguished from others of his own name.

His growing poetical reputation introduced him into more extended society. With Gavin Hamilton, a writer (attorney) of Mauchline, under whom the farm of Mossgiel was held; Mr. Aitken, a writer in Ayr, and several other gentlemen of the neighbourhood, he was on intimate terms; and we have already noticed the approbation the New Light clergy bestowed upon his works, and, in consequence, upon himself.

His times and modes of composition were not regular. Wherever he might be, if the idea presented itself, he pursued it; frequently he would weave the fancy which had suggested itself into a stanza, and at a future period compose the commencement or ending of the poem: so that it not unfrequently happened that the middle portion was the first composed. His "Mountain Daisy," and "The Mouse," were composed while holding the plough; and "Death and Doctor Hornbook," whilst sitting "easing his shanks" on the road side, "by Willie's Mill," on his return from a Mason meeting, where the redoubted Doctor had made himself too conspicuous. "Man was made to mourn," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Hallowe'en," and many others of his best productions, were the fruit of this period.

During his residence at Mossgiel, he formed an acquaintance with Mary Campbell, a Highland lassie, whose name is rendered

* This lady said that Burns, in his address to the ladies, was extremely deferential, and always with a turn to the pathetic or the humorous which won their attention; and added, with much naïveté, that she never met with a man whose conversation carried her so completely off her feet.—*Cunningham's Life of Burns.*

immortal as his Highland Mary. To her he addressed the lines, "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?" "Ye banks and braes, and streams around the castle of Montgomery," and many others; and her memory, years after her death, when Burns was married and had a family, inspired those pathetic lines "To Mary in Heaven," which breathe the soul of tender melancholy. She was a servant at Castle Montgomery; and Burns had long courted her, in the fashion of the country; their marriage had been determined on, when death stepped in, and blasted the fond hopes of the lovers.

"After a pretty long time of the most ardent reciprocal feeling," says Burns, in a note to one of his poems on Mary, "we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave, before I could even hear of her illness." The love which Burns felt for Mary Campbell, appears to have been deeper than any he ever felt before or after; for there is every reason to believe that he was acquainted, nay, *too* intimately acquainted, with Jean Armour, his future wife, during the life-time of Mary. He does not appear to have entertained any idea of going to America, till the last year of his residence at Mossgiel, and it would seem that the unfortunate result of his intercourse with Jean Armour was the cause of that determination; yet he addresses "Will ye go to the Indies," to Mary, and her last act is to come to meet him at Greenock, from whence the vessel which was to transport him, sailed; years afterwards, we find the lover bewailing his lost Mary in the most touching strains. In this digression we have somewhat anticipated our story. We must now give an account of the Poet's connexion with Jean Armour, an event which regulated the destinies of his life. This young lady was the daughter of a respectable man, a master mason and builder, in Mauchline, and was distinguished by considerable personal attractions. She fell "a prey to Rob Mossgiel," notwithstanding the warning he had himself given,* and the result of their intercourse soon became apparent. The intelligence nearly drove Burns distracted. His plighted faith given to one, and honour calling on him to rescue another, he resolved to fly the country. To his friend, James Smith, of Mauchline, his confidant in this amour, he thus wrote: "Against two things I am fixed as fate—staying at home and owning her conjugally. The first, by Heaven I will not do!—the last, by hell, I will never do!—A good God bless you, and make you happy, up to the warmest weeping wish of parting friendship .... If you see Jean, tell her I will meet her, so help me God in my hour of need."

The whole of this affair is left in obscurity, and by some it has been believed that Mary was dead before the poet's acquaintance with Jean; but, for the reasons before stated, we differ in our

* See "O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles."

opinion, and are inclined to believe that Mary's death happened at this critical moment. The vehemence of expression used by Burns in the letter just quoted cannot well be accounted for, otherwise than by his existing bonds to Mary. She died; the poet met the unhappy Jean, and gave her a written acknowledgment of marriage, sufficient, by the Scottish law, to legalise the tie. But when a disclosure of her condition was no longer to be avoided, her father, a man of stern disposition, an elder adhering to the *old light*, and probably from that cause the more incensed against Burns, whose character he detested, refused to give his consent to the marriage, obliged his daughter to give up the precious "lines," the sole evidence she possessed to redeem her honour; he destroyed the document, and forced his child to disown him who was her husband in the sight of both God and man. Under these singular circumstances she became the mother of twins.

Burns,—who had done all in his power to soften the obdurate father; who had declared his readiness even to toil as a day-labourer for the support of his wife and family, if his proposal to go to Jamaica and remit them the proceeds of his exertions were rejected,—finding all his efforts vain, resumed his purpose of emigration. He procured the situation of assistant overseer on the estate of a Dr. Douglas in Jamaica. But now a fresh difficulty arose. He had not the means of paying his passage. For the first time the thought suggested itself, that his poems might be made a source of profit. His friends, especially Hamilton and Aitken, warmly seconded his proposition. A negotiation with a printer at Kilmarnock was opened, and an edition of six hundred copies, three hundred and fifty of which were subscribed for, was printed. It was rapidly disposed of, and Burns found himself, after paying all expenses, master of nearly twenty pounds. This success did not cause him to change his resolution. He was pursued by the parish officers for security against the charge of his illegitimate children, and was driven into hiding. He had taken leave of all his friends, and his chest was on the road to Greenock; he had composed the last song he should ever measure in Caledonia, "The gloomy night is gathering fast," when he received a letter, written by Dr. Thomas Blacklock, of Edinburgh, to Dr. Laurie, minister of Loudon, who, unknown to Burns, had forwarded a copy of the poems to Dr. Blacklock, whose reputation as a critic stood high, and who was himself a poet. This letter, which was full of kindness and encouragement, raised up those hopes which had still been drooping, although his Kilmarnock edition had introduced him to the acquaintance of Dugald Stewart, Mrs. Dunlop, and several others, who ever afterwards were his friends. But Dr. Blacklock's praise roused up his slumbering hopes; he at once gave up all idea of leaving Scotland, and hastened to Edinburgh.

When he reached that city, he sought out some of his Ayrshire friends, and took up his lodgings with Mr. Richmond, at that time a writer's apprentice, or, in English phrase, an attorney's articled clerk: he shared the humble accommodations of this young man, a single room and a single bed, during the greater part of his stay in the capital. He did not hastily seek the introduction to Dr. Black-

lock, or the publicity which he felt would be the consequence. He had hurried to Edinburgh, but on the threshold of fame he paused with modest trembling. There can be no doubt, that, from the society into which his Kilmarnock edition had introduced him, including more than one titled head, he in some degree anticipated the kind of reception he was likely to meet with, and that there was a shrinking on his part to put himself forward. He was stimulated by a letter from Dr. Laurie. He visited Dr. Blacklock; he was introduced to Lord Glencairn, who proved a good friend: and in a little space found himself the *lion* of Edinburgh. His society, or perhaps rather his presence, was sought after eagerly by the highest companies of Edinburgh. Lord Glencairn easily induced Creech, the chief bookseller in the city, to undertake an edition of the poems formerly published, to which Burns now made many additions. The terms of his bargain with Creech were that the poet should receive one hundred pounds for the copyright of one edition, and the profits of all the subscription copies. In the course of a few months 2300 and odd copies were subscribed for by upwards of 1500 subscribers. He found admirers in all ranks, and his name was established on a proud eminence, from which it will never descend.

It has been made a ground of reproach to Burns, that although welcomed by the highest, though duchesses bowed down their heads to listen to the glowing eloquence which had formerly entranced the peasant, yet he gradually withdrew himself from society so disproportioned to his rank. It is true he did so; but he who would draw an unfavourable conclusion from the fact, does injustice both to the poet and to human nature. We much regret that our limits preclude our giving so much of his history, in his own words, as would present a more lively view of his situation and prospects, hopes and wishes, than it is possible to do in a condensed narration. The poet felt, keenly and bitterly, that he was regarded as a wonder, almost as a tamed wild beast: those who knew not what is the discipline of a Scottish cottage; who were astonished more at the description of the labourer's "Saturday Night," than at the genius which displayed that scene in such exquisite verses, thought that a ploughman poet was a prodigy, which they flocked to see, with a curiosity not much more intellectual than that which draws servant-maids and children to stare at a dancing bear. Now (it is painful to remember it) not one of his friends suggested to Burns any pursuit, any course of life, which might secure for him the independence he so much panted after, which if he had secured, would have afforded him the leisure which alone he required for the production of works surpassing even the unrivalled poems he has left.

Creech's edition appeared in March, 1787, and was eagerly bought up; and the poet feeling himself now authorised to draw upon the fruits of his genius, set out on a tour through the southern parts of Scotland, and the borders of England. On the 9th of June, 1787, he again found himself at Mossgiel: his mother met him at the door, and clasping him in her arms, exclaimed "Oh, Robert!"—He had left her house almost an outcast from the

world—he returned crowned with glory; the mother's heart was full, and she fell on her son's neck and wept. That moment repaid the bard for many bitter hours.

The following summer was chiefly occupied by Burns in some tours through the Highlands, in the course of which he visited the Dukes of Athole and Gordon, and many other of his friends, but nothing with regard to his future prospects was proposed to him by any. His intercourse with Jean he desired to renew, but he was rudely repulsed from her father's door. He was still *without an aim*. In the autumn he returned to Edinburgh, and he remained there till the spring, when he effected a settlement with Creech, and found himself the master of about five hundred pounds. He now sought for the best means of establishing himself for life. The second winter's experience proved that the attractions of the *lion* had vanished, and that the reputation of the bard incited none to provide him with even a mean support. It was not without reluctance that he addressed himself to the Earl of Glencairn, and expressed his wish to be employed in the Excise: a project which had, at the time of the Kilmarnock edition, been agitated by his old friends Hamilton and Aitken. None of his *new* friends had troubled themselves about the poet's welfare, and even the Earl of Glencairn waited to be asked; and it was Graham of Fintray, to whom Burns had been introduced in his northern tour, who at length procured him a poor appointment, worth about thirty-five pounds a year. Mr. Miller of Dalswinton had made him the offer of any farm on his estate a twelvemonth before; he now made choice of that of Ellisland in Nithsdale, more with the eye of a poet than that of a farmer, for it was about the worst on the estate, but its situation was the most picturesque.

Having first sent two hundred pounds to his brother Gilbert to assist him in the struggling life he maintained at Mossgiel, he settled himself at Ellisland in May 1788, and his first employment was to erect a house and farm steading, to do which he was bound by the terms of his lease: and to this house, the first he could ever call his own, he brought Jean Armour, whom he now publicly proclaimed as his wife: she, at this time, probably from her renewed intercourse with Burns, was suffering under a fresh outbreak of paternal anger, and with her helpless children had been absolutely turned out of doors! Burns's manly bosom received back again with joy the woman whom he had ever strongly loved, and whose renunciation of him had therefore caused him tenfold pain. As soon as his house was ready, he brought her home; and now he hoped that the prospect before him, though not very cheering, would brighten, and that at least no heavy clouds would intervene to blast the hopes he cherished. Eight disastrous years closed the poet's career!

Burns, though in the works of the field equal to the best labourer; though he could challenge the country round at the plough, the scythe, or the flail, yet was not a skilful farmer: the attention necessary to his avocations in the Excise, in which he was never deficient, materially interfered with that due to his own affairs; and the temptations of the muse were stronger than those of the plod

ding duties of a farm. It is not therefore surprising that he found Ellisland a losing concern. At the end of 1791 he gave up his farm and took a house at Dumfries, his sole dependence being his salary as an excise officer, which now amounted to seventy pounds a-year, and which he had every hope of soon seeing increased. In this town, and on this humble stipend, he continued to exist, till his death.

The years he spent at Ellisland and Dumfries were not unproductive of poetry: for the first year at least of his residence on his farm, he enjoyed the pleasures of an independent man, and his soul appeared to expand, relieved from the heavy burden of care which had hitherto pressed upon him. Before he left Edinburgh, he had contributed some pieces to a collection of Scottish songs, published by Mr. Johnson, under the title of the "Musical Museum;" and to this, and the collection published by Mr. Thomson, he furnished a vast number of songs which, had he never written anything else, would have established his celebrity. From the time of Creech's edition he wrote scarcely any piece of length except Tam o'Shanter, *the work of one day*, but chiefly confined himself to the writing of songs and ballads, and the correction and alteration of old songs, for these two collections, to which we owe most of those inimitable lyrics which will continue to be sung and recited in all quarters of the globe, till the English tongue shall cease to be spoken.

A false pride caused him to decline pecuniary recompense for these invaluable productions, and he even made it a ground of quarrel with Thomson, who on one occasion forwarded him five pounds on account of his services; and when dying, and pressed by urgent want, he was obliged to apply for a further sum, it cost him more pangs than can be imagined by any mind not akin to his own; and although so weak that his pen trembled in his hand, he forced himself to write the last verses he ever composed, "Fairest maid on Devon Banks," and enclosed them in this humiliating epistle.

The character and conduct of Burns have been made the subject of much discussion, not always conducted in the most friendly spirit. It is easy for those who have never felt the temptations of poverty, to condemn the conduct of others who have writhed beneath its pangs.

Burns was by nature careless, fond of society,—for there he felt his powers appreciated,—but of an unbending and independent spirit. In prosperity these powers would not improbably have produced effects very different from those displayed by the influence of an unceasing train of misfortune. In prosperity he might have chosen his society—in poverty he had no choice, except at one period of his life; and was it not natural for him to become somewhat shy of seeking company, where he was regarded more as a curiosity, than as on an equal footing with those he met? Yet he has been accused of shunning the better class of society, towards the end of his first visit to Edinburgh. The occasional roughness and vehemence of his opposition in debate has been made a plea for the neglect he experienced. It is an ungenerous one. His feelings of independence, and desire to assert them, frequently carried him too far, and sometimes assumed the character of almost morbid irritability, but the noble

cause of this was always sufficiently obvious; and no generous mind could have misunderstood the man, who, brought suddenly from a lower station, exhibiting powers which astonished his auditors, and seeing himself regarded as a wonder, instead of servilely seeking applause, endeavoured to find opportunities of asserting his independence, and dreaded the supposition that he could flatter to win favour.

When Burns left Ellisland, it was not without a pang; and he went to Dumfries with the embittered feelings of a disappointed man. Always inclined to social life, he was now more than ever exposed, both by the pressing invitation of his near neighbours and by the unsatisfied state of his own mind, to indulge more deeply than ever in those dissipations and drinking bouts which were the fashion of the day. Even in these excesses, which it must be acknowledged became too habitual, he has been misrepresented; and by many he is to this day considered as having in his latter years given himself up to the degrading habits of a confirmed drunkard. Nothing can be more contrary to the fact. He *never* indulged except in company; and, to the end of his life, his conduct towards his family, and care of his children's education, were most exemplary; and well would it be for many of those who have regarded Burns with scornful pity, if they could produce such good evidence of the discharge of that great moral duty as he. Mr. Findlater, his superior in the Excise, amongst others, bears honourable testimony to his conduct. "My connexion with Burns," he says, "commenced immediately after his admission to the Excise, and continued to the hour of his death. In all that time, the superintendence of his behaviour, as an officer of the revenue, was a branch of my especial province: and I was not an inattentive observer of the general conduct of a man and a poet so celebrated by his countrymen. He was exemplary in his attention, and was even jealous of any imputation on his vigilance. It was not till near the latter end of his days that there was any falling off in this respect; and this was well accounted for by the pressure of *disease* and accumulating infirmities. I will further avow that I never saw him—which was very frequently while he lived at Ellisland, and still more so, almost every day, after he removed to Dumfries—in hours of business, but he was quite himself, and capable of discharging the duties of his office; nor was he ever known to drink by himself, or seen to indulge in the use of liquor in a forenoon. I have seen Burns in all his various phases—in his convivial moments, in his sober moods, and in the bosom of his family. Indeed, I believe I saw more of him than any other individual had occasion to see, and I never beheld anything like the gross enormities with which he is now charged. That, when he sat down in the evening with friends whom he liked, he was apt to prolong the social hours beyond the bounds which prudence would dictate, is unquestionable: but in his family, I will venture to say, he was never seen otherwise than as attentive and affectionate in a high degree." The times, in which an elder of the church could, like Mr. Riddel of Friars Carse, engage in such a contest as is related in "The Whistle," were more in fault than the Poet.

Burns, when he went to Dumfries, had entertained sanguine hopes of promotion; his salary had been raised to £70 a year, and his name was on the list of supervisors; the latter situation was worth about £200 per ann. and was the stepping-stone to a collectorship, which would have rendered him easy; but his own imprudent conduct destroyed these hopes. In the commencement of the French revolution, he ardently embraced the doctrines of the liberal party of the time, and vehemently advocated the cause of the Directory in all companies. His enthusiasm carried him to lengths that his better judgment would have disclaimed, and when it was reported at head quarters that an exciseman had refused to stand up in the theatre when the National anthem was played, and had sent two brass cannon, taken from a smuggler (which he himself assisted in capturing) with a complimentary letter to the French Directory, they directed an inquiry to take place, and he was reprimanded and told that his business was to act and not to think. This somewhat absurd rebuke sunk deep into his heart; thenceforth he despaired of advancement, and grew less careful of himself and his reputation. His health began to fail; and, in the spring of 1796, he was attacked with violent rheumatism. He continued to sink, and in the summer was advised to go into the country: he went to a lonely place called the Brow, on the shore of Solway, in Annandale, to try the effect of sea-bathing, but all was of no avail: on the 18th of July he returned home a dying man. He lived only to the 22d, and died in desolation. Four helpless infants and a wife, who, whilst her husband's corpse was being carried down the street, was delivered of a fifth child, were left behind him.

A happier fate awaited his family. Public sympathy was at last aroused. A handsome subscription was raised; and Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, collected and published his poems for their benefit.

The poor child, born in so disastrous an hour, did not long survive; but three other children survived, a credit to their illustrious sire. The eldest, Robert, held a situation in the Stamp Office; Francis Wallace, the second, died in 1803; William Nicoll, the third, went to Madras in 1811, and James Glencairn, the youngest, in 1812—both as cadets in the East India Company's service.

Mrs. Burns, who was enabled to live in comfort for the residue of her life, and of whose exemplary conduct as a wife and a mother we would, did our limits allow, speak more at large, died in 1834, and was buried beside her husband, but not in his original grave, his body having been removed, in 1815, to a mausoleum raised to his memory. May the earth lie light on them; and may we seek rather to profit by the example of their virtues, than to triumph over their errors!

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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

WINTER: A DIRGE.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw;
While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast*,"
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine.

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy Will!
Then all I want (O, do thou grant
This one request of mine!),
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign!

* Dr. Young.

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An unco mournfu' Tale.

As Mailie and her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
And owre she warsled in the ditch;
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoe* he came doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, and lifted han's,
Poor Hughoe like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand endit,
But, waes my heart! he cou'dna mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak'!
At length poor Mailie silence brak':

"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
And bear them to my Master dear:

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O! bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair,
But ca' them out to park or hill,
And let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, and grow
To scores o' lambs and packs o' woo'.

"Tell him, he was a Master kin',
And aye was gude to me and mine;
And now my dying charge I gi'e him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

"O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, and tods, and butchers' knives!
But gi'e them gude cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel';
And tent them duly, e'en and morn,
Wi' teats o' hay and rips o' corn.

* A neighbour herd-callan.

"And may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile wanrestfu' pets!
To slink thro' slaps, and reave and steal
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For mony a year come thro' the shears:
So wives will gi'e them bits o' bread,
And bairns greet for them when they're dead.

"My poor toop-lamb, my son and heir,
O bid him breed him up wi' care!
And if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast;
And warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
And no' to rin and wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

"And neist, my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop!
But aye keep mind to moop and mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel'.

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I leave my blessin' wi' you baith;
And when you think upon your mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

"Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
To tell my master a' my tale;
And bid him burn this cursed tether;
And for thy pains thou's get my blether."

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
And closed her een amang the dead!

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warld's gear
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak' our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed;
He's lost a friend and neebor dear
In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed;
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam' nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

I wot she was a sheep o' sense,
And could behave hersel' wi' mense;
I'll say't, she never brak' a fence
Thro' thievish greed;
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image, in her yowe,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
And down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' muirland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, and hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the Tweed!
A bonnier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie's dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile wanchancie thing—a rape!
It maks gude fellows girn and gape,
Wi' chokin' dread;
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,
For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonny Doon!
And wha on Ayr your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed!
His heart will never get aboon
His Mailie dead.

FIRST EPISTLE TO DAVIE*,

A BROTHER POET.

January, 1784.

WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin' jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla-lug,
I grudge a wee the great folk's gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:
I tent less, and want less,
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker and canker
To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shared;
How best o' chiels are whyles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't;
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Though we ha'e little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
"Mair spier na, nor fear na†,"
Auld Age ne'er mind a feg;
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are crazed, and blude is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could mak' us blest;
Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.

* David Sillar, schoolmaster, one of the club at Tarbolton, an author of a volume of Poems in the Scottish dialect.

† Ramsay.

The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has aye some cause to smile;
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho' like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hall?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
Wi' honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:
On braes, when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin' muckle mair:
It's no in books, its no in lair,
To make us truly blest:
If Happiness ha'e not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive through wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?

Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglectin' a' that's gude,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless, and fearless
Of either heav'n or hell;
Esteeming and deeming
It's a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, ha'e met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gi'e the wit o' age to youth;
They let us ken oursel';
They mak' us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Tho' losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae ither where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts,
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest,)
This life has joys for you and I,
And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
And joys the very best.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover and the frien';
Ye ha'e your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name:
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame.

O, all ye Pow'rs, who rule above!
O, Thou, whose very self art Love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!

When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, all-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r!
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow;
Long since this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie or my Jean.

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin' rank and file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin' owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit;
But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty wizen'd hide.

ADDRESS TO THE DE'IL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned pow'rs,
That led the embattled Seraphim to war.
MILTON.

O THOU, whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
And let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a de'il,
To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,
And hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, and great thy fame,
Far ken'd and noted is thy name;
And tho' yon lowan heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
And faith, thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, rangin' like a roarin' lion,
For prey, a' holes and corners tryin';
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
Tirling the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend Grannie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray,
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my Grannie summon
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman,
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone!
Or, rustlin', thro' the boortrees comin'
Wi' heavy groan!

Ae dreary, windy, winter, night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin light,
Wi' you, mysel', I gat a fright,
Ayont the loch;
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stoor, quaick—quaick—
Amang the springs
Awa' ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, and wither'd hags,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs and dizzy crags
Wi' wicked speed,
And in kirkyards renew their leagues
Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
May plunge and plunge the kirn in vain;
For, oh! the yellow treasure's ta'en
By witchin' skill;
And dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen
As yell's the bill.

Thence mystic knots mak' great abuse
On young gudeman, fond, keen, and crouse;
When the best wark-loom i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
And float the jinglin' icy boord,
Then Water-kelpies haunt the foord
By your direction,
And 'nighted trav'llers are allured
To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late and drunk is:
The bleezin', curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word and grip
In storms and tempests raise ye up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest Brither ye wad whup
Aff straight to hell!

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
And a' the soul of love they shared,
The raptured hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld sneck-drawin' dog!
Ye cam' to Paradise incog.,
And play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
And gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds and reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk,
And sklented on the man of Uz
Your spitefu' joke?

And how ye gat him i' your thrall,
And brak him out o' house and hall,
While scabs and blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
And lowsed his ill-tongued, wicked scawl,
Was warst ava!

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares and fechtin' fierce,
Sin' that day Michael * did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

And now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin',
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin'
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner, jinkin',
And cheat you yet.

* Vide Milton, Book vi.

But, fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak' a thought and men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still ha'e a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW-YEAR.

A GUDE New-Year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie;
Tho' thou's howe-backit now, and knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could ha'e gaen like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, and crazy,
And thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dapplet, sleek, and glaizie,
A bonnie gray:
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve, and swank,
And set weel down a shapely shank
As e'er trod yird;
And could ha'e flown out-owre a stank
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-and-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid father's meere,
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
And fifty mark:
Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
And thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, and funny,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, and canny,
And unco sonsie.

That day ye pranced wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonny bride:
And sweet and gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
And wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels and win',
And ran them till they a' did wauble
Far, far behin'.

When thou and I were young and skeigh,
And stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, and snort, and skreigh,
And tak' the road,
Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
And ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, and I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow:
At brooses thou had ne'er a fallow,
For pith and speed;
But every tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
And gar't them whaizle;
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan'
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn;
Aft thee and I, in aught hours' gaun,
In gude March weather,
Ha'e turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, and fech't, and fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
And spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith and power,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and riskit,
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, and snaws were deep,
And threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad ha'e faced it;
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa'.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae, I've sell'd awa,
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund and twa,
The very warst.

Mony a sair darg we twa ha'e wrought,
And wi' the weary warl' fought!
And mony an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld trusty servan',
That now, perhaps, thou's less deservin',
And thy auld days may end in starvin',
For my last fou,
A heapit stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll fit thy tether
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
With sma' fatigue.

TO A HAGGIS.

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm;
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
And cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight!
Warm-reekin', rich.

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
De'il tak' the hindmost! on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes, belyve,
Are bent like drums;
Then auld gudeman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French ragoût,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view,
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the rustic haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak' it whistle;
And legs, and arms, and heads will sned,
Like taps o' thristle.

Ye powers, wha mak' mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gi'e her a Haggis!

A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear,
In whose dread presence, ere an hour
Perhaps, I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do thou, All-Good! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But—Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between:
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid rencwing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms!
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray!
Again exalt the brute, and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling pow'r assist e'en me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O Thou Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?——

SHAKSPEARE.

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bow'r;
When Phœbus gies a short-lived glow'r
Far south the lift—
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bock'd,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning the doors and winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lay'ring, sprattle
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
And close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain,
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole——

"Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost;
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
Than heav'n-illumined Man on brother Man bestows.
See stern Oppression's iron grip,
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, want, and murder, o'er a land!
Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud Property extended wide,
And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefined,
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile below.
Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
With lordly Honour's lofty brow,

The powers you proudly own ?
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone ?
Mark maiden innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares ;
This boasted honour turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears and unavailing prayers ;
Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast !
Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
Ill-satisfied keen Nature's clam'rous call,
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap !
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !
Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch already crushed low
By cruel fortune's undeserved blow ?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !"

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning wi' a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Through all His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A Cantata.

RECITATIVO.

When lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or, wavering like the bauckie* bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast:
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
An' infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest;
Ae night, at e'en, a merry corps
O' randie gangrel bodies,
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies;
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang;
Wi' jumping and thumping,
The vera girdle rang.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae and blankets warm,
She blinket on her sodger;
And aye he gies the touzie drab
The tither skelpin' kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an aumis-dish:
Ilk smack still, did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whup,
Then staggering, and swaggering,
He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

TUNE—"*Soldier's Joy.*"

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

* The old Scottish name for a bat.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram ;
I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb ;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

And now, though I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tattered rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet to follow the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a home ;
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus' roar ;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
And seek the benmost bore ;
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out Encore !
But up arose the Martial's chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

TUNE—"*Soldier Laddie.*"

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men ;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie !
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
So the sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
He ventured the soul, and I risked the body:
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair,
His rags regimental they flutter'd sae gaudy,
My heart it rejoiced at a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup and a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie!
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
They mind't na wha the chorus took,
Between themselves they were sae bizzy;
At length, wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up and made a face;
Then turn'd and laid a smack on Grizzy,
Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

TUNE—"*Auld Sir Symon.*"

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
He's there but a 'prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
And I held awa' to the school;
I fear I my talent misteuk;
But what will ye ha'e of a fool?

For drink I wad venture my neck;
A hizzie's the hauf o' my craft:
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffin';
I ance was abused i' the kirk,
For towzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the court,
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observed ye, yon reverend lad
Mak's faces to tickle the mob;
He rails at our mountebank squad;
It's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
Gude L—d, is far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
For mony a pursie she had hook'd,
And had in mony a well been duck'd;
Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
Wi' sighs and sabs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

TUNE—"*O, an' ye were dead, Gudeman.*"

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

Wi' his philibeg and tartan plaid,
And gude claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
And lived like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he feared nane,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea:
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one!
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha used at trysts and fairs to driddle,
Her strappin' limb and gaucy middle
(He reach'd nae higher)
Had holed his hearties like a riddle,
And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut, ane, twa, three,
Then, in an *arioso* key,
The wee Apollo
Set aff, wi' *allegretto* glee,
His *giga solo*.

AIR.

TUNE—"*Whistle o'er the Lave o't.*"

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
And go wi' me and be my dear,
And then your every care and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
And O! sae nicely's we will fare;
We'll bouse about, till daddie Care
Sings whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
And sun oursel's about the dyke,
And at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
As weel as poor Gut-scraper;
He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a rusty rapier—
He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
To spit him like a pliver,
Unless he wad from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor Tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace, wi' rueful face,
And sae the quarrel ended.

But tho' his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler press'd her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the Caird address'd her:

AIR.

TUNE—"*Clout the Cauldron.*"

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
A tinker is my station;
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation;
I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
To go and clout the cauldron.
I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin',
And tak' a share wi' those that bear
The budget and the apron;
And by that stowp, my faith and houp,
And by that dear Kilbagie,*
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my cragie.
And by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
And partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, with an air
That show'd a man o' spunk,
Wish'd unison between the pair,
And made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a dame a shavie,
The fiddler raked her fore and aft,
Behint the chicken-cavie.

* A peculiar sort of whisky so called; a great favourite with Poosie-Nansie's clubs.

Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft*,
Tho' limping wi' the spavie,
He hirpled up, and lap like daft,
And shored them Dainty Davie
To boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it.
He had nae wish, but—to be glad,
Nor want—but when he thirsted;
He hated nought but—to be sad,
And thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE—"*For a' that, and a' that.*"

I am a bard of no regard
Wi' gentlefolks, and a' that:
But Homer-like, the glowran byke
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that;
And twice as meikle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife enough for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, and a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still,
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, and a' that;
But for how lang the flee may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

* Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad singer on record.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks, and "Here's the sex!"
I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that;
And twice as meikle's a' that,
My dearest blude to do them gude,
They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook with a thunder of applause,
Re-echo'd from each mouth;
They toom'd their pocks, and pawn'd their duds,
They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang
The poet did request,
To lowse his pack, and wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best;

He rising, rejoicing,
Between his twa Debórahs,
Looks round him, and found them
Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE—"*Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.*"

See the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring;
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing:

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where!
A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged brats and callets!
One and all cry out, Amen!
A fig, &c.

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd;
Ev'n ministers, they ha'e been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture:

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befell,
Is just as true 's the Deil's in hell,
Or Dublin city;
That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches:
And hillocks, stanes, and bushes, kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists and witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
To count her horns wi' a' my pow'r
I set mysel';
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'dna tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And toddlin' down on Willie's-mill,
Setting my staff, wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker;
Though leaward whyles against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-taed leister on the ither
Lay, large and lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava!
And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp, an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks!

"Gude-een," quo' I; "Friend! hae ye been mawin,
When ither folk are busy sawin?"*
It seem'd to mak' a kind o' staun,
But naething spak':
At length says I, "Friend! whare ye gaun?
Will ye gae back?"

It spak' right howe:—"My name is Death—
But be na fley'd."—Quoth I, "Gude faith,
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie,
I red ye weel, take care o' skaith,
See, there's a gully!"

* This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.

"Gudeman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd,
I wadna mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel," says I, "a bargain be't;
Come, gie's your hand, and say we're gree't;
We'll ease our shanks and tak' a seat,
Come, gie's your news;
This while * ye ha'e been mony a gate,
At mony a house."

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, and shook his head,
"It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
And choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
And sae maun Death.

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled,
Sin' I was to the butching bred,
And mony a scheme in vain's been laid
To stap or scaur me;
Till ane Hornbook's † ta'en up the trade,
And faith! he'll waur me.

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,
De'il mak his king's-hood in' a spleuchan!
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan ‡
And ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin'
And pouk my hips.

"See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
They ha'e pierced monie a gallant heart:
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
And cursed skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
Damn'd haet they'll kill.

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

† This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is professionally a brother of the Sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

‡ Buchan's Domestic Medicine.

"'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gane,
I threw a noble throw at ane:
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
But deil-ma-care
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

"Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortified the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad ha'e pierced the heart
O' a kail-runt.

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld Apothecary
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel ha'e tried a quarry
O' hard whin-rock.

"Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne'er had kenn'd it,
Just —— in a kail-blade and send it;
As soon's he smells't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At ance he tells't.

"And then o' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, and metals,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, and bottles,
He's sure to ha'e:
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A, B, C.

"Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina o' beans and pease,
He has't in plenty;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye.

"Forbye some new uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus o' capons:
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se*;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
And monie mae.'

"Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole* now,"
Quoth I, "if that thae news be true!
His braw calf-ward, whare gowans grew
Sae white and bonny,
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew:
They'll ruin Johnny!"

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says, "Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Tak' ye na fear;
They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
In twa-three year

"Where I kill'd ane a fair-strae death,
By loss o' bluid, or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
By drap and pill.

"An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak' mair.

"A countra laird had ta'en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts;
His only son for Hornbook sets,
And pays him well:
The lad for twa gude gimmer pets,
Was laird himsel'.

"A bonny lass, ye kenn'd her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hoved her wame;
She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

"That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel paid for't;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey
Wi' his d-mn'd dirt.

* The grave-digger.

"But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't;
I'll nail the self-conceited sot
As dead's a herrin':
Neist time we meet, I 'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin'!"

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak' the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
Which raised us baith:
I took the way that pleased mysel',
And sae did Death.

THE KIRK'S ALARM*.

A SATIRE.

Orthodox, Orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience:
There's a heretic blast has been blawn in the wast;
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac†, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewin';
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
And orator Bob‡ is its ruin.

D'rymple mild§, D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like a child
And your life like the new-driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan maist have ye,
For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Rumble John||, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd;
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstane like adle,
And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd.

* This Poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr. M'Gill's Essay.
† Dr. M'Gill.
‡ R—t A—k—n.
§ Mr. Dalrymple.
|| Mr. Russell.

Simper James[1], Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chase in your view;
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney[2], Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,
Unconscious what evils await;
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
For the Foul Thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld[3], Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster[4], Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits:
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamie Goose[5], Jamie Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked lieutenant;
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie[6], Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit;
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid astride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he s—t.

Andro Gouk[7], Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
And the book not the waur, let me tell ye!
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie[8], Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what mean ye?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine side[9], Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your face will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

[1] Mr. M'Kinlay. [2] Mr. Moodie. [3] Mr. Auld.
[4] Mr. G——t of Ochiltree. [5] Mr. Y——g of Cumnock.
[6] Mr. Peebles of Ayr. [7] Dr. A. M——ll.
[8] Mr. S——n Y—g of Barr. [9] Mr. S——h of Galston.

Muirland Jock,* Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a
To crush Common Sense for her sins, [rock
If ill-manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,† Holy Will, there was wit in your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant when ye're ta'en for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
Ammunition ye never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your muse is a gipsy,—e'en tho' she were tipsy,
She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.

THE TWA HERDS;

OR THE HOLY TUILZIE‡.

O A' ye pious, godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks
About the dykes?

The twa best Herds in a' the wast,
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast,
These five-and-twenty simmers past,
O! dool to tell,
Ha'e had a bitter, black out-cast
Atween themsel'.

O, Moodie, man, and wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how New-light Herds will whistle,
And think it fine!
The L—d's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I ha'e min'.

* Mr. S—d.

† [An elder—or kind of churchwarden—in Mauchline, and the subject of the two pieces in pages 40—42.—ED.]

‡ [This piece was among the first of our Author's poetical efforts which he submitted to the public; and was occasioned by a dispute between two Clergymen, near Kilmarnock.

O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expeckit
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds, respeckit
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank,
He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear, they drank,
O sic a feast!

The foumart, wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Well kenn'd his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he liked to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What Herd like Russell tell'd his tale?
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And New-light Herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin;
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
Or heave them in.

Sic twa!—O, do I live to see't!
Sic famous twa should disagreet,
An' names, like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither, gi'en,
While New-light Herds, wi' laughin' spite
Say neither's lyin'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel faul',
There's D——n deep, and Peebles shaul,
But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them hot and cauld
Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset!
There's scarce a new Herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
I winna name,
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M——e,
And baith the Shaws,
That aft ha'e made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld W——w lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought ay death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,
Who fain would openly rebel,
Forbye turn-coats among oursel':
There's Smith for ane,
I doubt he's but a grey-nick quill,
An' that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come join your counsel and your skills,
To cowe the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themsel's
To choose their Herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning in a woodie dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
M'Gill's close, nervous excellence,
M'Q—e's pathetic, manly sense,
And guid M'Math,
Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O Thou, wha in the heav'ns dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleasest best thysel',
Sends ane to heav'n and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony good or ill
They've done afore thee:

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' and a shinin' light,
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I, wha deserve sic just damnation
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake,
Whare damned Devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an example
To a' thy flock.

O L—d! thou kens what zeal I bear
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singin' there, and dancin' here,
Wi' great an' sma';
For I am keepit by thy fear,
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O L—d! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,
And sometimes too, wi' warldly trust,
Vile self gets in;
But thou remembers we are dust,
Defiled in sin.

* * * * * * *

Besides, I farther maun allow,
Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow;
But L—d, that Friday I was fou
When I came near her,
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this *fleshly thorn*
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
'Cause he's sae *gifted*;
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,
Until thou lift it.

L—d, bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race;
But G-d confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace
An' public shame.

L—d, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Yet has sae monie takin' arts,
Wi' grit an' sma',
Frae G-d's ain priest the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

And when we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us;
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail an' potatoes.

L—d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Against the presbytery o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, L—d, make it bare
Upo' their heads,
L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O L—d, my G-d, that glib-tongued Aiken:
My vera heart an' saul are quakin',
To think how we stood groanin', shakin',
And swat wi' dread,
While he wi' hangin' lip and sneakin'
Held up his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him,
L—d, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their pray'r;
But, for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

But, L—d, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
An' a' the glory shall be thine:
Amen, amen.

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

Here Holy Willie's sair-worn clay
Tak's up its last abode;
His saul has ta'en some other way,
I fear the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,
Poor silly body, see him!
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standin' wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye;
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye ha'e nane;
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane:

But hear me, sir, de'il as ye are,
Look something to your credit;
A coof like him would stain your name,
If it were ken'd you did it.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nocht can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I ha'e been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the Sov'reign of Scotland,
And monie a traitor there:
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman!
My sister and my fae,
Grim Vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae:

The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor th' balm that drops on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee ;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

Oh ! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flowers that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave !

THE HOLY FAIR*.

A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty Observation ;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation :
A mask that like the gorget show'd
Dye-varying on the pigeon ;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face was fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
And snuff the caller air :
The rising sun owre Galston muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin' ;
The hares were hirpling down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin'
Fu' sweet that day.

* Holy Fair is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam' skelpin' up the way:
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a-wee aback,
Was in the fashion shining,
Fu' gay that day.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, and claes;
Their visage wither'd, lang, and thin,
And sour as ony slaes:
The third cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,
As light as ony lambie,
And wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;
I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
But yet I canna name ye."
Quo' she, and laughing as she spak',
An' tak's me by the hands,
"Ye for my sake, ha'e gi'en the feck
Of a' the Ten Commands
A screed some day.

"My name is Fun—your crony dear,
The nearest friend ye ha'e;
And this is Superstition here,
And that's Hypocrisy.
I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
To spend an hour in daffin':
Gin ye'll gae there, yon runkled pair,
We will get famous laughin'
At them this day."

Quoth I, "Wi' a' my heart I'll do't;
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
And meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we'se ha'e fine remarkin'!"
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
And soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' mony a weary body,
In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in ridin' graith,
Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springin' o'er the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
In silks and scarlet glitter ,
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang,
And farls baked wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
And we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show :
On every side they're gatherin',
Some carrying dails, some chairs and stools,
And some are busy blethrin'
Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra gentry,
There Racer Jess, an' twa-three whores,
Are blinkin' at the entry.
Here sits a raw of tittlin' jades,
Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
And there a batch o' wabster lads,
Blackguardin' frae Kilmarnock
For fun this day.

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upon their claes ;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither sighs and prays :
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screwed-up grace-proud faces ;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin' on the lasses
To chairs that day.

O happy is that man and blest !
Nae wonder that it pride him !
Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin' down beside him.
Wi' arm reposed on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him,
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom,
Unkenn'd that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation ;
For Moodie speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' damnation.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him,
The vera sight o' Moodie's face
To 's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith,
Wi' rattlin' and wi' thumpin'!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin' and he's jumpin'!
His engthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
Oh! how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day.

But hark! the tent has changed its voice;
There's peace and rest nae langer;
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger!
Smith opens out his cauld harangues
On practice and on morals;
And aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gi'e the jars and barrels
A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine
O' moral powers and reason?
His English style, and gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poisoned nostrum ;
For Peebles, frae the Water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum :
See, up he's got the word o' God,
And meek and mim has view'd it,
While Common Sense has ta'en the road,
And aff, and up the Cowgate,*
Fast, fast that day.

* A street so called, which faces the tent in Mauchline

Wee Miller, neist, the guard relieves,
And orthodoxy raibles,
Though in his heart he weel believes
And thinks it auld wives' fables:
But, faith! the birkie wants a manse,
So cannily he hums them;
Although his carnal wit and sense
Like hafflin's-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

Now butt and ben, the change-house fills
Wi' yill-caup commentators;
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
And there the pint-stoup clatters;
While thick and thrang, and loud and lang,
Wi' logic and wi' scripture,
They raise a din, that in the end
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on drink! it gi'es us mair
Than either school or college,
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fu' o' knowledge:
Be't whiskey gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

The lads and lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul and body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
And steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, and that ane's leuk,
They're making observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
And formin' assignations
To meet some day.

But now the Lord's ain Trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin,
And echoes back return the shouts,
Black Russell is nae sparin';
His piercing words, like Highland swords,
Divide the joints and marrow;
His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell,
Our vera sauls does harrow*
Wi' fright that day.

* Shakspeare's Hamlet.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fu' o' lowin' brunstane,
Whase ragin' flame, and scorchin' heat,
Wad melt the hardest whunstane!
The hauf asleep start up wi' fear,
And think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear
'Twas but some neebor snorin'
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
How mony stories past,
And how they crowded to the yill
When they were a' dismist;
How drink gaed round, in cogs and caups,
Amang the furms and benches,
And cheese and bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

In comes a gaucie, gash gudewife,
And sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck and her knife;
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld gudemen, about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
And gi'es them't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that ha'e naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O wives, be mindfu', ance yoursel'
How bonnie lads ye wanted,
And dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day.

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,
Begins to jow and croon;
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon,
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' faith and hope, and love and drink,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

How mony hearts this day converts
O' sinners and o' lasses !
Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane
As saft as ony flesh is.
There's some are fu' o' love divine ;
There's some are fu' o' brandy ;
An' mony jobs, that day begun,
May end in houghmagandie
Some ither day.

THE ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven,—
To please the mob they hide the little given.

KILMARNOCK wabsters, fidge and claw,
And pour your creeshie nations ;
And ye wha leather rax and draw,
O' a' denominations ;
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane and a',
And there tak' up your stations ;
Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
And pour divine libations
For joy this day.

Curst Common-Sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam' in wi Maggy Lauder *,
But Oliphant aft made her yell,
And Russell sair misca'd her ;
This day M'Kinlay taks the flail,
And he's the boy will blaud her !
He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
And set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

Mak' haste and turn King David owre,
And lilt wi' holy clangor ;
O' double verse come gi'e us four,
And skirl up the Bangor :
This day the kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her power,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. Lindsay to the Laigh Kirk.

Come, let a proper text be read,
And touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham * leugh at his dad,
Which made Canaan a niger;
Or Phineas † drove the murdering blade,
Wi' whore-abhorring rigour;
Or Zipporah ‡, the scauldin' jade,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That stipend is a carnal weed
He tak's but for the fashion;
And gi'e him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression;
Especial rams that cross the breed,
Gi'e them sufficient threshin',
Spare them nae day.

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
And toss thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
And runts o' grace, the pick and wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
To think upon our Zion;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin':
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin';
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
And a' like lamb-tails flyin'
Fu' fast this day!

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shored the kirk's undoin',
As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin:
Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin';
And, like a godly elect bairn,
He's waled us out a true ane,
And sound, this day.

* Genesis, ix. 22. † Numbers, xxv. 8. ‡ Exodus, iv. 25.

Now, Robinson, harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever;
Or try the wicked town o' Ayr,
For there they'll think you clever;
Or, nae reflection on your lair,
You may commence a shaver;
Or to the Netherton repair,
An' turn a carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

Mutrie and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones;
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winkin' baudrons:
And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons;
But now his honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstane squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,
She's swingein' through the city,
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow it's unco pretty:
There Learning, wi' his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak' to Jamie Beattie
Her plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel',
Embracing a' opinions;
Hear, how he gi'es the tither yell,
Between his twa companions;
See, how she peels the skin and fell,
As ane were peeling onions!
Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
And banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come, bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
M'Kinlay, Russell, are the boys
That Heresy can torture;
They'll gi'e her on a rape a hoyse,
And cowe her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's, for a conclusion,
"To every New Light* mother's son,
From this time forth, confusion!"
If mair they deave us wi' their din,
Or patronage intrusion,
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day.

THE CALF.

TO THE REVEREND MR. JAMES STEVEN,

ON HIS TEXT, MALACHI, CHAP. IV. VER. 2.

"And they shall go forth, and grow up like calves of the stall."

RIGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Though heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yoursel' just now,
God knows, an unco' Calf!

And should some patron be so kind
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find
Ye're still as great a Stirk!

But if the lover's raptured hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, every heavenly power,
You e'er should be a Stot!

Tho' when some kind, connubial dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been, that you may wear
A noble head o' horns!

And in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowt,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the Nowt!

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
"Here lies a famous Bullock!"

* *New Light* is a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those heterodox opinions which Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, has defended so strenuously.

TO JAMES SMITH,

MAUCHLINE.

> Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
> Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
> I owe thee much. BLAIR.

DEAR Smith, the slee'st, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely ha'e some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And every star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,
Just gaun to see you;
And every ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carline, Nature,
To mak' amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you aff, a human creatur
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote—The Man.

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Ha'e ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
And raise a din;
For me, an aim I never fash—
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
And damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But, in requit,
Has blest me wi' a random shot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,
To try my fate in gude black prent!
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, "Hoolie!
I red you, honest man, tak' tent!
Ye'll show your folly.

"There's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Ha'e thought they had insured their debtors
A' future ages;
Now moths deform, in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages."

Then farewel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
And teach the lanely heights and howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, wi' tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me wi' th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we're living, sound and hale;
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave Care o'er side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak' the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Mak's hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield:
For, ance that five-and-forty's speel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hoastin', hirplin' owre the field,
Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin';
And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
And social noise;
And fareweel, dear deluding woman,
The joy o' joys!

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near
Amang the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spat,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
Wi' high disdain.

Wi' steady aim, some Fortune chase;
Keen Hope does every sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey:
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And ithers, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin';
To right or left, eternal swervin',
They zigzag on;
Till curst wi' age, obscure and starvin',
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil and strainin'!—
But truce wi' peevish, poor complainin';—
Is Fortune's fickle Luna wanin'?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remainin'
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, "Ye Pow'rs!" and warm implore,
"Though I should wander terra o'er,
In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Aye rowth o' rhymes.

"Gi'e dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
Till icicles hing frae their beards;
Gi'e fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
And maids o' honour:
And yill and whisky gi'e to cairds
Until they sconner.

"A title, Dempster merits it;
A garter gi'e to Willie Pitt;
Gi'e wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
In cent. per cent.;
But gi'e me real, sterling wit,
And I'm content.

"While ye are pleased to keep me hale,
I'll sit down owre my scanty meal,
Be't water-brose or muslin-kail,
Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang's the Muses dinna fail
To say the grace."

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel 's I may;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compared wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae bare-brain'd sentimental traces
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
In *arioso* trills and graces,
Ye never stray,
But, *gravissimo*, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*,
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rattlin' squad;
I see you upward cast your eyes—
Ye ken the road.

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where—
Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
But quat my sang,
Content wi' you to mak' a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST*.

The sun had closed the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
And hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And whan the day had closed his e'e,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely by the ingle-cheek
I sat, and e'ed the spewin' reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin';
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin'.

A' in this motty, misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae thing,
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

* Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his Cath-Loda, vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation.

Had I to gude advice but harkit,
I might, by this, ha'e led a market,
Or struttit in a bank, an' clarkit
My cash-account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, Blockhead! coof!
And heaved on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, wad be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath—

When, click! the string the sneck did draw;
And, jee! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin' bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token;
And come to stop those reckless vows
Wad soon been broken.

A "harebrain'd, sentimental trace"
Was strongly markit in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, e'en turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen wi' honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And sic a leg! my bonny Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else cam' near it.

Her mantle large, o' greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand,
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost,
There, mountains to the skies were tost;
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
Wi' surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods,
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds:
Auld hermit Ayr staw through his woods,
On to the shore;
And mony a lesser torrent scuds,
Wi' seemin' roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
Wi' feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race * heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
In sturdy blows;
While back recoiling seem'd to reel
Their suthron foes.

His Country's Saviour, † mark him well!
Bold Richardton's ‡ heroic swell;

* The Wallaces. † William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.

The chief on Sark *, who glorious fell,
In high command;
And He, whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptred Pictish † shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featured, undismay'd
They strode along.

Through many a wild romantic grove ‡,
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love,)
In musing mood,
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe §
The learned sire and son I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore:
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward ‖ I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot-name on high,
And hero shone.

* Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

† Coilus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coil's-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

‡ Barskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice Clerk (Miller)

§ Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.

‖ Colonel Fullarton.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heav'nly-seeming fair;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet.

"All hail! my own inspired Bard,
In me thy native Muse regard!
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

"Know, the great Genius of this land
Has many a light, aërial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

"They Scotia's race among them share,
Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart;
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot lore,
And grace the hand.

"And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

"Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;
Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His 'Minstrel lays;'
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,
The artisan;
All choose, as various they're inclined,
The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil,
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each opening grace,
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coila my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r:
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

"Or, when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless love.

"When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends:
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art:
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

"Yet, all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust, the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

"And wear thou this"—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head;
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
Began the reverend sage:
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage!
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;

I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return ;
And every time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

O man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway :
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh ! ill-match'd pair !
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh ! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn !
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame !
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring, mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
By nature's law design'd—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest.
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn!
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

TO RUIN.

All hail, inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word
The mightiest empires fall,
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The storm no more I dread;
Tho' thickening, and blackening,
Round my devoted head.

And thou, grim power, by life abhorr'd,
While life a pleasure can afford,
O! hear a wretch's prayer!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's joyless day;
My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold mouldering in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face;
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK, ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

O Goudie! terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs;
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin' looks back,
Wishing the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin' glow'rin' Superstition,
Waes me! she's in a sad condition;
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her state physician,
To see her water;
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco ripple;
Haste, gi'e her name up i' the chapel,
"Nigh unto death;"
See how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gane in a galloping consumption;
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her;
Her feeble pulse gi'es strong presumption,
Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor* are the chief,
Wha are to blame for this mischief;
But gin the Lord's ain folks gat leave,
A toom tar-barrel
An' twa red peats wad send relief,
An' end the quarrel.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

While briers and woodbines budding green,
And paitricks scraichin loud at e'en,
And mornin' poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my muse,
This freedom in an unknown frien'
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack, and weave our stockin';
And there was muckle fun and jokin'
Ye need na doubt:
At length we had a hearty yokin'
At sang about.

There was ae sang amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought described sae weel,
What gen'rous manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, "Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark!"
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin' fain to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't,
Then a' that ken'd him round declare't
He had ingine,
That nane excell'd it, few cam' near't,
It was sae fine;

* Dr. Taylor, of Norwich.

That, set him to a pint o' ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes and sangs he'd made himsel',
Or witty catches,
'Twcen Inverness and Teviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, and swore an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger-pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint and gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

But, first and foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Tho' rude and rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel'
Does weel eneugh.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
And ha'e to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, "How can you e'er propose,
You, wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak' a sang!"
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns and stools,
If honest nature made you fools,
What sier'es your grammars?
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools,
Or knappin'-hammers.

A set o' dull conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
And syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek.

Gi'e me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge, thro' dub and mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it;
That would be lear eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

Now, sir, if ye ha'e friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I believe, are few,
Yet if your catalogue be fu',
I'se no insist,
But gif you want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel':
As ill I like my fau'ts to tell;
But friends, and folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As sair abuse me.

There's ae wee fau't they whyles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgi'e me!
For mony a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair;
Maybe some ither thing they gi'e me
They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gi'e ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
And ha'e a swap o' rhymin'-ware
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
And kirsen him wi' reekin' water;
Syne we'll sit down and tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
And faith we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa', ye selfish warl'y race,
Wha think that havins, sense, and grace,
Ev'n love and friendship, should give place
To catch-the-plack!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
"Each aid the others,"
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
And pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'ening's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, wi' weary legs,
Rattlin' the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing through amang the naigs
Their ten-hours' bite,
My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs,
I wadna write.

The tapetless ramfeezl'd hizzy,
She's saft at best, and something lazy;
Quo' she, "Ye ken, we've been sae bizzie
This month and mair,
That, trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
And something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad:
"Conscience," says I, "ye thowless jade!
I'll write, and that a hearty blaud,
This vera night;
Sae dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

"Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose ye sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
And thank him kindly!"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
And down gaed stumpy i' the ink:
Quoth I, "Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it;
And if ye winna mak' it clink,
By Jove I'll prose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak' proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether,
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge and carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard and sharp;
Come, kittle up your muirland harp
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and warp;
She's but a bitch.

She's gi'en me mony a jirt and fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, and sing, and shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax and twentieth simmer
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city gent,
Behind a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
And muckle wame,
In some bit brugh to represent
A bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal thane,
Wi' ruffled sark and glancin' cane,
Wha thinks himsel' nae sheep-shank bane
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,
As by he walks.

"O Thou wha gi'es us each gude gift,
Gi'e me o' wit and sense a lift,
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
Thro' Scotland wide;
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
In a' their pride."

Were this the charter of our state,
"On pain o' hell be rich and great,"
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav'n! that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began:
"The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he!"

O mandate glorious and divine!
The ragged followers o' the nine,
Poor thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some future carcass howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, and joys
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
Each passing year.

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON,

OCHILTREE.

——— *May*, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie:
Wi' gratefu' heart, I thank you brawlie;
Though I maun say't, I wad be silly,
And unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
Your flatterin' strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented
On my poor musie;
Though in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but daur a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfiel',
The braes o' fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer chiel,
A deathless name.

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts;
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh gentry!
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gi'e my heart a screed,
As whyles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed,
It gi'es me ease.

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measured style;
She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
Beside New Hollan',
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay and famous Fergusson
Gied Forth and Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow and Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,
Naebody sings.

Th' Ilissus, Tiber, Thames, and Seine,
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line;
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
And cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her muirs red-brown wi' heather-bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
Whare glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft ha'e our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward red-wat shod,
Or glorious died.

O sweet are Coila's haughs and woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
Wi' wailfu' cry.

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave through the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray ;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day !

O Nature ! a' thy shows and forms
To feeling, pensive hearts ha'e charms !
Whether the simmer kindly warms
Wi' life and light !
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang dark night !

The Muse nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
And no think lang ;
O sweet, to stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang !

The warl'y race may drudge and drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, and strive :
Let me fair Nature's face descrive,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the bizzy, grumbling hive
Bum o'er their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing brither,"
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal :
May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes ;
While muirlan' herds like gude fat braxies ;
While Terra Firma on her axis
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith and practice,
In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen ;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this new-light*,
'Bout which our herds sae aft ha'e been
'Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At grammar, logic, and sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gi'e,
But spak' their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roun'
Gaed past their viewin',
And shortly after she was done,
They gat a new ane.

This pass'd for certain, undisputed ;
It ne'er cam' in their heads to dou't it,
Till chiels gat up and wad confute it,
And ca'ed it wrang ;
And muckle din there was aboot it,
Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
And out o' sight,
And backlins-comin', to the leuk
She grew mair bright.

This was denied—it was affirm'd—
The herds and hissels were alarm'd ;
The rev'rend greybeards raved and storm'd
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

* See Note, page 53.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;
Frae words and aiths to clours and nicks,
And mony a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt ;
And some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd and brunt.

This game was play'd in mony lands,
And auld-light caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick and stowe,
Till now amaist on every knowe,
Ye'll find ane placed ;
And some their new-light fair avow,
Just quite bare-faced.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin' :
Their zealous herds are vex'd and sweatin' :
Mysel', I've even seen them greetin'
Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
By word and write.

But shortly they will cowe the loons !
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak' a flight,
And stay ae month amang the moons,
And see them right.

Gude observation they will gi'e them ;
And when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
And when the new-light billies see them,
I think they'll crouch !

Sae ye observe, that a' this clatter
Is naething but a "moonshine matter ;"
But though dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope we bardies ken some better
Than mind sic bruilzie

TO J. LAPRAIK.

——— *Sept. 13th*, 1785.

Guid speed an' furder to you, Johnnie,
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonnie;
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cannie
The staff o' bread,
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an haggs
Like drivin' wrack;
But may the tapmost grain that wags
Come to the sack.

I'm busy too, an' skelpin at it,
But bitter, daudin' showers ha'e wat it,
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it
Wi' muckle wark,
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
Like ony clerk.

Its now twa month that I'm your debtor,
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
On holy men;
While de'il a hair yoursel' ye're better,
But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let's sing about our noble sel's;
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us,
But browster wives and whisky stills,
They are the muses.

Your friendship, Sir, I winna quat it,
An' if ye mak' objections at it,
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
An' witness take,
An' when wi' usqubae we've wat it
It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spared
Till kye be gaun without the herd,
An' a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theekit right,
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aquavitæ
Shall make us baith sae blithe an' witty,
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,
An' be as canty
As ye were nine years less than thretty,
Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
And now the sun keeks in the west,
Then I maun rin amang the rest
An' quat my chanter;
Sae I subscribe mysel' in haste,
Yours, RAB THE RANTER.

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH.

ENCLOSING A COPY OF "HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER," WHICH HE HAD REQUESTED.

Sept. 17, 1785.

WHILE at the stook the shearers cower
To shun the bitter blaudin shower,
Or in gulravage rinnin' scow'r
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

My musie, tired wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', and douse black bonnet,
Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
Lest they should blame her,
An' rouse their holy thunder on it
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
That I, a simple, kintra bardie,
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces
Their raxan conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gaun*, misca't waur than a beast.
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
Wha sae abus'd him,
An' may a bard no crack his jest
What way they've used him?

See him† the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word an' deed,
An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
By worthless skellums,
An' not a muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
To gi'e the rascals their deserts,
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,
But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be,
Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, an' malice fause,
He'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken.

* Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

† The poet has introduced the two first lines of this stanza into the dedication of his works to Mr. Hamilton.

They take religion in their mouth ;
They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
For what ? to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion ! maid divine !
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee ;
To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

Though blotcht an' foul wi' mony a stain,
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain
To join with those
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes :

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite o' undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
But hellish spirit.

O Ayr ! my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbytereal bound
A candid lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers,
As men, as Christians too, renown'd,
An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are named
Sir, in that circle you are famed ;
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blamed
(Which gi'es you honour)
Even, Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en ;
An' if impertinent I've been,
Impute it not, good sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH,

November, 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cowerin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa' sae hastie,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'rin' pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal.

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething now to big a new ane
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter coming fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
And cranreuch cauld!

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee;
But, och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gi'e him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
And liquor gude to fire his blude,
That's prest wi' grief and care.

There let him bouse, and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
And minds his griefs no more.

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other poets raise a fracas,
'Bout vines, and wines, and drunken Bacchus,
And crabbit names and stories wrack us,
And grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scotch Bear can mak' us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse! gude auld Scotch drink!
Whether through wimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
And aits set up their awnie horn,
And pease and beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin' in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin';
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin'
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grievin';
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down hill, scrievin'
Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
At's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massive siller weed,
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need
The poor man's wine;
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspired,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fired.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin' on a New-year mornin'
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
And gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gi'es his bellows breath,
And ploughmen gather with their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz and freath
I' the luggit caup!
Then Burnewin* comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.

* Burnewin—Burn-the-wind—the Blacksmith.

Nae mercy then for airn or steel ;
The brawnie, ba'nie, ploughman chiel'
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block and studdie ring and reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the light,
Thou mak's the gossips clatter bright
How fumblin' cuifs their dearies slight ;
Wae worth the name !
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
And just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley-bree
Cement the quarrel !
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason ;
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
And hardly, in a winter's season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash !
Fell source o' monie a pain and brash !
Twins monie a poor, doylt drucken hash
O hauf his days ;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well .
Ye, chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless devils like mysel' !
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blether wrench,
And gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out-owre a glass o' whiskey-punch
Wi' honest men.

O whiskey! soul o' ploys and pranks!
Accept a bardie's humble thanks!
When wantin' thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!
Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a—s!

Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, and barking hoast,
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa'!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak' the whiskey stells their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, seize the blinkers;
An' bake them up in brunstane pies,
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, and whiskey gill,
And rcuth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest,
And deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER *

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation! last and best—
——How art thou lost!——PARODY ON MILTON.

Ye Scottish lords, ye knights and squires,
Wha represent our brughs and shires,
And doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To you a simple poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

* Thus was written before the act anent the Scottish Distilleries, session 1786; for which Scotland and the author return their most grateful thanks.

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse!
Your honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sitting on her a—
Low i' the dust,
And scriechin' out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust!

Tell them wha ha'e the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On aquavitæ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, and tell yon Premier youth,
The honest, open, naked truth;
Tell him o' mine and Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble:
The muckle devil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?
Speak out, and never fash your thumb:
Let posts and pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant 'em,
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gatherin' votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your back,
And hum and haw;
But raise your arm, and tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissel,
Her mutchkin-stoup as toom's a whistle;
And damn'd excisemen in a bustle,
Seizin' a stell,
Triumphant, crushin't like a mussel,
Or lampit shell.

Then, on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard smuggler right behint her,
And cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

Is there that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's-blude rising hot,
To see his poor auld mither's pot
Thus dang in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trod i' the mire clean out o' sight!
But could I like Montgom'ry fight,
Or gab like Boswell,
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
And tie some hose well.

God bless your honours! can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie carline greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws
To round the period an' pause,
An' wi' rhetóric clause on clause
To mak' harangues;
Then echo thro' St. Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true-blue Scot, I'se warran';
Thee, aith-detesting chaste Kilkerran:*
An' that glib-gabbet Highland baron,
The laird o' Graham†;
An' ane, a chap that's d—n'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay;
An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie!
An' monie ithers,
Wham auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
Or faith, I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
You'll see't, or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,
Anither sang.

* Sir Adam Ferguson. † The Duke of Montrose.

This while she's been in cank'rous mood,
Her lost militia fired her bluid ;
(De'il na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie !)
And now she's like to rin red-wud
About her whiskey.

An', L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak' the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt
I' th' first she meets !

For God sake, sirs ! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle House repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your wit and lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongued tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers and mocks ;
But gi'e him't het, my hearty cocks !
E'en cowe the caddie,
And send him to his dicing-box
And sportin' lady.

Tell yon gude bluid o' auld Boconnock's,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's *
Nine times a week,
If he some scheme, like tea and winnocks,
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,
I'll pledge my aith in gude braid Scotch,
He needna fear their foul reproach,
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;
She's just a deevil wi' a rung ;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak' their part,
Though by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

* A worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studies politics over a glass of gude auld Scotch drink.

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
May still your Mither's heart support ye ;
Then, though a minister grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor and hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claes,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. Jamie's
Your humble poet sings an' prays
While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let hauf-starved slaves in warmer skies,
See future wines rich clust'ring rise ;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her free-born martial boys
Tak' aff their whiskey.

What though their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms !
When wretches range in famish'd swarms
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouther ;
They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
Their bauldest thought's a hankering swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throu'ther,
To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, sic is royal George's will,
And there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
Death comes !—wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gie's him ;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Calypso Cave.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
And raise a philosophic reek,
And physically causes seek,
In clime and season ;
But tell me Whiskey's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither !
Though whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tyne your dam :
Freedom and Whiskey gang thegither,
Tak' aff your dram.

HALLOWEEN *.

[The following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood ; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations : and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.]

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
GOLDSMITH.

Upon that night, when fairies light,
On Cassilis Downans † dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance :
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams ;
There up the Cove ‡ to stray and rove,
Amang the rocks and streams
To sport that night.

* Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands : particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

‡ A noted cavern near Colzean, or Colean house, called The Cove of Colean, which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

Amang the bonny winding banks,
Where Doon rins wimplin clear,
Where BRUCE * ance ruled the martial ranks,
And shook his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly countra folks
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, and pu' their stocks,
And haud their Halloween,
Fu' blithe that night.

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal and warm, and kin':
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin',
Whyles fast at night.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks † maun a' be sought ance;
They steek their een, and graip and wail
For muckle anes, and straught anes.
Poor haverel Will fell aff the drift,
And wander'd thro' the bow-kail,
And pu'd, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar and cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee things, todlin', rin
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;

* The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

† The first ceremony of Halloween, is, pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells —the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher* or fortune: and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

And gif the custoc's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syne cozily, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care they've placed them
To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
To pu' their stalks o' corn;*
But Rab slips out, and jinks about
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard and fast;
Loud skirled a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
When kiutlin i' the fause-house†
Wi' him that night

The auld gudewife's weel-hoardit nits,‡
Are round and round divided,
And monie lads' and lasses' fates
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
And burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e;
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, and this is me,
She says in to hersel':
He bleezed owre her, and she owre him,
As they wad never mair part;
Till fuff! he started up the lum,
And Jean had e'en a sair heart,
To see't that night.

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a maid.

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack with an opening in the side which is most exposed to the wind; this he calls *a fause-house*.

‡ Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another the course and issue of the courtship will be.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
And Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compared to Willie;
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
And her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, and swoor by jing,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel' and Rab in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sabbin:
Nell's heart was dancin' at the view;
She whisper'd Rab to leuk for't:
Rab, stowlins, prie'd her bonny mou',
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel':
She thro' the yard the nearest tak's,
And to the kiln she goes then,
And darklins graipit for the bauks,
And in the blue-clew * throws then,
Right fear't that night.

And ay she win't, and ay she swat;
I wat she made nae jaukin';
Till something held within the pat,
Guid L—d! but she was quakin'!
But whether 'twas the de'il himsel'
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She didna wait on talkin'
To spier that night.

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and darkling throw into the pot a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one: and, towards the latter end something will hold the thread: demand, *Who holds?* i. e. who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future spouse.

Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,
"Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
I'll eat the apple * at the glass
I gat frae uncle Johnnie:"
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
She noticed na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
How daur you try sic sportin',
As seek the foul Thief ony place,
For him to spae your fortune?
Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight!*
Great cause ye ha'e to fear it;
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
An' lived and died deleeret,
On sic a night.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-Muir,
I mind't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was na past fyfteen:
The simmer had been cauld and wat,
And stuff was unco green;
And ay a rantin' kirn we gat,
And just on Halloween
It fell that night.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
A clever sturdy fallow;
He's sin' gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That lived in Achmacalla;
He gat hemp-seed †, I mind it weel,
And he made unco light o't;
But monie a day was by himsel',
He was sae sairly frighted
That vera night."

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it; and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

† Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hempseed harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, "Hemp-seed, I saw thee, hemp seed, I saw thee;

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
And he swoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck,
For it was a' but nonsense:
The auld gudeman raught down the pock,
And out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when nae ane see'd him,
And try't that night.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin;
The graip he for a harrow tak's,
And haurls at his curpin:
And ev'ry now and then, he says,
"Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
And her that is to be my lass,
Come after me and draw thee,
As fast this night."

He whistled up Lord Lennox' March,
To keep his courage cheery;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd and eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
And then a grane an' gruntle:
He by his shouther gae a keek,
And tumbled wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
And young and auld cam' rinnin out,
To hear the sad narration:
He swoor 'twas hilchin' Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stap! she trotted thro' them a';
And wha was it but grumphie
Asteer that night!

and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pu thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come after me and shaw thee," that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me, and harrow thee."

Meg fain wad to the barn ha'e gane,
To win' three wechts o' naething ;*
But for to meet the de'il her lane,
She pat but little faith in :
She gi'es the herd a pickle nits,
And twa red-cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threshold ventures ;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
Syne bauldly in she enters :
A ratton rattled up the wa',
And she cried, L—d preserve her !
And ran thro' midden-hole and a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
They hecht him some fine braw ane !
It chanced the stack he faddom'd thrice †
Was timmer propt for thrawin :
He tak's a swerlie auld moss-oak
For some black grewsome carlin ;
And loot a winze, and drew a stroke,
Till skin in blypes cam' haurlin
Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kitlen ;
But, och ! that night, amang the shaws,
She gat a fearfu' settlin' !

* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges if possible ; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument, used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect we call a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times ; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life

† Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a beanstack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

She thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
And owre the hill gaed scrievin,
Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn*,
To dip her left sark sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it stays,
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles joukit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

Amang the brechens, on the brae,
Between her and the moon,
The de'il, or else an outler quey,
Gat up and gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit;
But missed a fit, and in the pool
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The luggies three † are ranged,
And every time great care is ta'en
To see them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin' Mar's year did desire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heaved them on the fire,
In wrath that night.

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring, or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it

† Take three dishes: put clean water in one, foul water in another and leave the third empty. Blindfold a person and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged: he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow;

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they didna weary;
And unco tales, and funny jokes,
Their sports were cheap and cheery:
Till butter'd so'ns *, wi' fragrant lunt,
Sets a' their gabs a-steerin';
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin'
Fu' blythe that night.

ADDRESS

TO THE UNCO GUDE, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in,
Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.—SOLOMON. Eccles. vii. 16.

O YE wha are sae gude yoursel'
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebors' fau'ts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heapit happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable corps,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Wad here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

if in the empty dish, it foretels, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween supper.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What mak's the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gi'es now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It mak's an unco lee-way.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmogrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking:
O wad they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before you gi'e poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang;
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Wha made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

TAM SAMSON'S* ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—Pope.

Has auld Kilmarnock seen the de'il?
Or great M'Kinlay† thrawn his heel?
Or Robinson‡ again grown weel,
To preach and read?
"Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chiel,
"Tam Samson's dead."

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane,
And sigh, and sab, and greet her lane,
And cleed her bairns, man, wife, and wean,
In mourning weed;
To death she's dearly paid the kane,
Tam Samson's dead.

The brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel
Like ony bead;
Death's gi'en the lodge an unco devel—
Tam Samson's dead!

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields," and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. Vide the "Ordination," stanza 2.

‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the "Ordination," stanza 9.

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock ;
When to the lochs the curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the cock ?
Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the corps,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time o' need ;
But now he lags on death's hog-score,
Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately saumont sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels, weel kenn'd for souple tail,
And geds for greed,
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
Tam Samson dead !

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a' ;
Ye cootie muircocks, crousely craw ;
Ye maukins, cock your fuds fu' braw,
Withouten dread ;
Your mortal fae is now awa',
Tam Samson's dead.

That wofu' morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in shooting-graith adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed ;
But, och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !
Tam Samson's dead !

In vain auld age his body batters ;
In vain the gout his ancles fetters ;
In vain the burns came down like waters,
An acre braid !
Now every auld wife, greeting, clatters,
Tam Samson's dead !

Owre monie a wearie hagg he limpit,
And aye the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide ;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samson's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
"Lord, five!" he cried, and owre did stagger;
Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samson's dead!

There low he lies, in lasting rest:
Perhaps upon his mouldering breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
To hatch and breed;
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!
Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his mem'ry crave
O' powther and lead;
Till Echo answers frae her cave,
Tam Samson's dead!

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be!
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me;
He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social honest man want we—
Tam Samson's dead!

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting zealots spare him!
If honest worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a filly
Through a' the streets and neuks o' Killie:
Tell every social, honest billie
To cease his grievin'?
For yet, unskaith'd by death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin'!

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE.

A BROTHER POET *.

AULD NEEBOUR,

I'M three times doubly o'er your debtor,
For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter;
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt you flatter,
Ye speak sae fair;
For my puir, silly rhymin' clatter
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' warl'y cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld grey hairs.

But, Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;
I'm tauld the Muse ye ha'e negleckit;
And gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
Until ye fyke;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin' the words to gar them clink;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Wi' jads or masons;
And whyles, but aye owre late, I think,
Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commend me to the Bardie clan;
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhymin' clink,
The devil haet, that I sud ban',
They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares to gi'e us joy or grievin';
But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
And while ought's there,
Then, hiltie-skiltie, we gae scrievin',
And fash nae mair.

* This is prefixed to the poems of David Sillar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789.

Leeze me on rhyme! it's aye a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie!
Tho' rough and raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie!
The warl' may play you monie a shavie;
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir,
Na, even tho' limpin' wi' the spavie
Frae door to door.

LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself!
And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe.
HOME.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou see'st a wretch who inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam:
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn
Reflected in the gurgling rill;
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy power, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

No idly-feign'd poetic pains
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft-attested Powers above;
The promised father's tender name:
These were the pledges of my love!

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptured moments flown!
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and hers alone!
And must I think it! is she gone?
My secret heart's exulting boast!
And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

O! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth!
Alas! life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie through rough distress!
Then who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

Ye winged hours that o'er us pass'd,
Enraptured more, the more enjoyed,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasured thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n every ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe:
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang and many a throe,
Keen Recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Even day, all bitter, brings relief
From such a horror-breathing night.

O thou bright queen, who o'er the expanse,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway:
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observed us, fondly wand'ring, stray;

The time, unheeded, sped away,
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual kindling eye.

O scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never to return;
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From every joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander through;
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me through.
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard;
Even when the wished end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet every sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild, with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heaven on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed,
Where never human footstep traced,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art;
But, ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate;
Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing, thoughtless, Pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt, unknown!
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining age!

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AITKEN, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.—GRAY.

My loved, my honour'd, much-respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene:
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What Aitken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortening winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the muir, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carkin' cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopefu' years:
Anticipation forward points the view:
The Mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' and their mistresses' command
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play;
"And O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!
And mind your duty duly morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the LORD aright."

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door:
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak:
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben:
A strappin' youth! he tak's the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en;
The father cracks o' horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What mak's the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave:
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respectit like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If Heav'n a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
The sowp their only Hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it gude;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise:
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;

Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compared wi' these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high :
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
How his first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"*
That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

Then homeward all take off their several way:
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request—
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil;
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, Oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward;)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert!
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command;

That pow'r which raised and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought:
Again thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies,
All wither'd and decay'd.

VERSES

LEFT AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE, IN THE ROOM WHERE THE AUTHOR SLEPT.

O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above,
I know thou wilt me hear;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke
Long, long be pleased to spare!
To bless his filial little flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,
Guide thou their steps alway!

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in heaven!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem!

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise:
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade,
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven,
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

MAY, 1786.

I LANG ha'e thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento:
But how the subject-theme may gang
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye.
For care and trouble set your thought,
Even when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where every nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha ha'e nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricted:
But och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer:
A man may ha'e an honest heart,
Though poortith hourly stare him:
A man may tak' a neebor's part,
Yet ha'e nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff-han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony ;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection ;
But keek through every other man
Wi' sharpen'd, slee inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it ;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Though naething should divulge it.
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing ;
But och ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling !

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour :
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order ;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border :
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences ;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature :
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature :
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended !

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she gi'e a random sting,
It may be little minded ;

But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed"
Still daily to grow wiser:
And may you better reck the *rede*,
Than ever did th' adviser.

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

Ha! wh'are ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt and sinner,
How dare you set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a leddy!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle!
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
Wi' ither kindred jumpin' cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rils, snug and tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' Miss's bonnet!

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as ony grozet;
O for some rank mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gi'e you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surprised to spy
You on an auld wife's flannen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie,
How dare ye do't!

O, Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin'!
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin'!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin'!
There's mony godly folks are thinkin'
Your dreams* and tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin'
Straught to Auld Nick's.

Ye ha'e sae mony cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, drucken rants,
Ye make a deevil o' the saunts,
And fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws, and wants,
Are a' seen through.

* A certain humorous "Dream" of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in black!
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithin',
It's just the blue-gown badge and claithin'
O' saunts; tak' that, ye lea'e them naething
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate heathen,
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for and mair;
Sae, when ye ha'e an hour to spare,
I will expect
Yon sang*: ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Though faith, sma' heart ha'e I to sing!
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing!
I've play'd mysel' a bonnie spring!
And danced my fill;
I'd better gane and sair't the king,
At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
And brought a paitrick to the grun',
A bonnie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
I straikit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin' they would fash me for't;
But de'il-ma'-care!
Somebody tells the poacher-court
The hale affair.

Some auld-used hands had ta'en a note
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lee;
So gat the whistle o' my groat,
And pay't the fee.

* A song he had promised the author.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
And by my powther and my hail,
And by my hen, and by her tail,
I vow and swear,
The game shall pay, o'er muir and dale,
For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin'-time is by,
And the wee pouts begin to cry,
L—d, I'se ha'e sportin' by and by,
For my gowd guinea,
Though I should herd the buckskin kye
For't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame,
Scarce through the feathers:
And baith a yellow george to claim,
And thole their blethers!

It pits me aye as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair!
But pennyworths again is fair,
When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected sir,
Your most obedient.

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me!
Our billie's gi'en us a' a jink,
An's owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin' corps
Wha dearly like a random splore;
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
In social key;
For now he's ta'en anither shore,
An's owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear petitions place him;
The widows, wives, and a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea!

O Fortune, they ha'e room to grummle
Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke and fummle,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as ony wummle,
That's owre the sea!

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
And stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill make her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee;
He was her laureate mony a year,
That's owre the sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld nor'-west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak' his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a berth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea!

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud independent stomach
Could ill agree,
So row't his hurdies in a hammock,
And owre the sea.

He ne'er was gi'en to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding,
He dealt it free:
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies! use him weel,
And hap him in a cozie biel;
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
And fu' o' glee!
He wad na wrang'd the vera de'il
That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the sea.

A DEDICATION

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin dedication,
To roose you up, and ca' you guid,
And sprung o' great and noble bluid,
Because ye're surnamed like his Grace,
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I'm tired, and sae are ye,
Wi' mony a fulsome sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, sir, wi' thaim wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefu';
For me! sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit! I can plough!
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit! I can beg;
Sae I shall say, and that's nae flatterin',
It's just sic poet, an' sic patron.

The Poet, some guid angel help him!
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him;
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron (sir, ye maun forgi'e me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me),
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain he winna tak' it,
What ance he says he winna break it;

Ought he can lend he'll no refuse't,
Till aft his guidness is abused;
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang:
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor sinfu' corrupt nature:
Ye'll get the best of moral works
'Mang black Gentoos and Pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of damnation;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal thro' a winnock frae a whore,
But point the rake that tak's the door;
Be to the poor like ony whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane;
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;
No matter! stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs and half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, and lang wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' Calvin,
For gumlie dubs o' your ain delvin'!
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;

When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gi'es him,
While o'er the harp pale Mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, sir, for this digression,
I 'maist forgat my dedication;
But when divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, sir, ye see, 'twas nae daft vapour;
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, sir, to You:
Because (ye need na tak' it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel'.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever
I had amaist said, ever pray,
But that's a word I need na say:
For praying I ha'e little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, and wretched ill o't;
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, sir——

"May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk!
May ne'er his gen'rous honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
May Kennedy's far-honour'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
Five bonny lasses round their table,
And seven braw fellows, stout and able
To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, wi' mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
Till his wee curly John's ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last sad, mournful rites bestow!"

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion;

But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest wi' Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent!)
That iron-hearted carle, Want,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your humble servant then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor!
But, by a poor man's hopes in heaven!
While recollection's power is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, through the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize my master dear,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, sir, your hand—my friend and brother.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX*.

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Nae mair shall fear him
Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care
E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fasht him;
Except the moment that they crusht him;
For sune as chance or fate had husht 'em,
Though e'er sae short,
Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lasht 'em,
And thought it sport.

Though he was bred to kintra wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak' a man;
But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roosed him then!

* *Ruisseaux*—a play on his own name.

LETTER

TO JAMES TAIT, OF GLENCONNER.

AULD comrade dear and brither sinner,
How's a' the folk about Glenconner?
How stan' you this blae eastlin' wind,
That's like to blaw a body blind?
For me, my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly dozen'd:
I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on;
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Reid, to common sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
An' meikle Greek and Latin mangled,
Till wi' their logic-jargon tired,
An' in the depth of science mired,
To common sense they now appeal,
What wives an' wabsters see an' feel;
But hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
Peruse them and return them quickly;
For now I'm grown so cursed douce,
I pray and ponder butt the house,
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston;
Till by and by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan:
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my een up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning and a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men:
When bending down with auld grey hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort him:
His worthy fam'ly far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear.

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my mason billie,
An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, an' Meg the mither,
Just five-an'-forty years thegither!
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
An' L—d! remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.
An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy;
An' her kind stars ha'e airted till her
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet;
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
For faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious:
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil!
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel',
May guardian angels tak' a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell:
But first, before you see heav'n's glory,
May ye get monie a merry story,
Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
An' ay enough o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you.—
For my sake this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
Ye'll fin' him just an honest man;
Sae I conclude an' quat my chanter,
Yours, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

Born in peculiar circumstances of family distress

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love
And ward o' monie a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn:
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscathed by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem,
Arise to deck our land!

TO MISS CRUIKSHANK,

A VERY YOUNG LADY,

Written on the Blank Leaf of a Book, presented to her by the Author.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming in thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem,
Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And every bird thy requiem sings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

THE FIRST PSALM.

The man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossoms bud in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, toss'd
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

(RECOMMENDING A BOY.)

Mosgaville, May 3, 1786.

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty
To warn you now that Master Tootie,
  Alias, Laird M'Gaun,*
Was here to hire yon lad away
'Bout whom ye spak' the tither day,
  And wad ha'e done't aff-han';
But lest he learn the callan tricks,
  As faith I muckle doubt him,
Like scrapin' out auld crummie's nicks,
  An' telling lies about them;
    As lieve then I'd have then
      Your Clerkship he should ser'e,
    If sae be, ye may be
      Not fitted otherwhere.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,
  The boy might learn to swear;
But then wi' you, he'll be sae taught,
An' get sic fair example straught,
  I ha'e na ony fear.
Ye'll catechise him every quirk,
  An' shore him weel wi' hell;
An' gar him follow to the kirk
  —Ay when ye gang yoursel'.
    If ye then, maun be then
      Frae hame this comin' Friday,
    Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
      The orders wi' your lady.

* "Master Tootie then lived in Mauchline—a dealer in cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle to disguise their age.—He was an artful, trick-contriving character; hence, he is called a *snick-drawer*. In the Poet's 'Address to the De'il,' he styles that august personage an *auld, snick-drawing dog!*"—RELIQUES, p. 397.

My word of honour I ha'e gie'n,
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
To meet the Warld's worm ;
To try to get the twa to gree,
An' name the airles an' the fee,
In legal mode an' form :
I ken he weel a snick can draw,
When simple bodies let him ;
An' if a devil be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him.
To phraise you an' praise you,
Ye ken your Laureat scorns :
The prayer still you share still
Of grateful Minstrel BURNS.

TO MR. M'ADAM

OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN,

In Answer to an obliging Letter he sent to the commencement of my Poetic Career.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow it made me proud ;
"See wha tak's notice o' the bard!"
I lap and cried fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million ;
I'll cock my nose aboon them a',
I'm roosed by Craigen-Gillan!

'Twas noble, Sir—'twas like yoursel',
To grant your high protection ;
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' weel,
Is aye a blest infection :

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy!
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
I independent stand aye.—

And when those legs to guid warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me ;
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail
And barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers!
And bless your bonnie lasses baith,
I'm tauld they're loosome kimmers!

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry;
And may he wear an auld man's beard,
A credit to his country.

TO A TAILOR,

IN ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE WHICH HE HAD SENT THE AUTHOR.

What ails ye now, ye lousy b—h,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
Losh, man! ha'e mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin's bauld,
I did na suffer half sae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times, when I grow crouse,
I gi'e their wames a random pouse,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse,
An' jag-the-flae!

King David, o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As fill'd his after life wi' grief
An' bloody rants,
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants
I'll gi'e auld cloven Clooty's haunts
An unco slip yet,
An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs! the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upon anither plan
Than garrin' lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre body,
And sairly thole their mithers' ban
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell for sport,
How I did with the Session sort—
Auld Clinkum at the inner port
Cried three times, "Robin!
Come hither, lad, an' answer for't,
Ye're blamed for jobbin'."

Wi' pinch I pat a Sunday's face on,
An' snooved awa' before the Session—
I made an open, fair confession,
I scorn'd to lie;
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

* * * * * * * *

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason,
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason?

[On reading in the public papers, the Laureat's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following address.]

GUDE-MORNING to your Majesty!
May Heav'n augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new birth-day ye see,
A humble poet wishes!
My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see
Amang the birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By mony a lord and lady!
"God save the king!" 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said aye:

The poets too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel turn'd and ready,
Wad gar ye trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But aye unerring steady,
On sic a day.

For me! before a monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor;
Sae nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's mony waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But facts are chiels that winna ding,
And downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft and clouted,
And now the third part o' the string,
And less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But faith! I muckle doubt, my sire,
Ye've trusted 'ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill their station
Than courts yon day.

And now ye've gi'en auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaster;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester;
For me, thank God! my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges
(And Will's a true gude fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges),
That he intends to pay your debt,
And lessen a' your charges;
But, God-sake! let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonnie barges
And boats this day.

Adieu, my liege! may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
And may ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gi'e her for dissection.
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your queen, with due respect,
My fealty and subjection
This great birth-day.

Hail, Majesty Most Excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gi'es ye?
Thae bonnie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
I tell your Highness fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
And curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak' Diana's pales,
Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,
By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
To mak' a noble aiver;
Sae ye may doucely fill a throne,
For a' their clishmaclaver:

There, him* at Agincourt wha shone,
Few better were or braver;
And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John†,
He was an unco shaver
For mony a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Although a riband at your lug
Wad been a dress completer;
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the keys of Peter,
Then swith! and get a wife to hug,
Or, troth! ye'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day.

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her,
A glorious galley‡ stem and stern,
Weel rigged for Venus' barter,
But first hang out, that she'll discern
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple-airn,
And, large upo' her quarter,
Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak' you gude as weel as braw,
And gi'e you lads a-plenty!
But sneer na British boys awa',
For kings are unco scant aye;
And German gentles are but sma',
They're better just than want aye,
On ony day.

God bless you a'! consider now
Ye're unco muckle dautet;
But ere the course of life be through,
It may be bitter sautet;
And I ha'e seen their coggie fou,
That yet ha'e tarrow't at it;
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they ha'e clautet
Fu' clean that day.

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff. See Shakspeare's Henry IV.

‡ Alluding to the newspaper-account of a certain royal sailor's amour.

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his honour's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shaw'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shaw'd him the gentleman and scholar:
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, nae pride had he;
But wad ha'e spent an hour caressin'
Ev'n wi' a tinkler gipsy's messin:
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stand as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,
Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang *,
Was made lang syne—Gude kens how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke;
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
And unco pack and thick thegither:
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit;
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
And worried ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the lords of the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies lived ava.

Our laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel';
His flunkies answer at the bell:
He ca's his coach: he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,
The yellow-letter'd geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en its nought but toiling
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
And though the gentry first are stechin,
Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has on a' the lan':
And what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whiles they're fash't eneugh;
A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
Barin' a quarry, and sic like;
Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddy weans,
And nought but his han'-darg to keep
Them right and tight in thack and rape.

And when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want of masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
But how it comes I never kend yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
And buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit;
Lord, man! our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle,
They gang as saucy by poor folk
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day,
And mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash;
He'll stamp and threaten, curse, and swear
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
And hear it a', and fear and tremble!
I see how folk live that ha'e riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches!

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think;
Though constantly on poortith's brink,
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gi'es them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided:
And though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

And, whyles, twalpenny worth o' nappy
Can mak' the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:

They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts;
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
And ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, rantin' kirns,
When rural life o' every station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
And sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin' pipe, and sneeshin'-mill,
Are handed round wi' right gude will;
The canty auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes rantin' through the house—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy ha'e barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye ha'e said,
Sic game is now owre often play'd.
There's mony a creditable stock
O' decent, honest-fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin',
For Britan's gude his saul indentin'—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's gude! gude faith, I doubt it!
Say rather, gaun, as Premiers lead him,
And saying ay or no's they bid him!
At operas and plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais tak's a waft,
To mak' a tour and tak' a whirl,
To learn bon ton, and see the warl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;

Or by Madrid he takes the route,
To thrum guitars and fecht wi' nowt ;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Whore-hunting amang groves o' myrtles ;
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak' himsel' look fair and fatter,
And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of carnival signoras.
For Britain's gude ! for her destruction !
Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction.

LUATH.

Hech, man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate
They waste sae monie a braw estate ?
Are we sae foughten and harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last ?

O wad they stay aback frae courts,
And please themsel's wi' country sports,
It wad for every ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, and the cotter !
For thae frank, rantin' ramblin' billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows,
Except for breaking o' their timmer,
Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life's a life of pleasure !
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The very thought o't needna fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er *envy* 'em.

It's true they need na starve or sweat,
Through winter's cauld, or simmer's heat,
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes :
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them ;
An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd, he's right eneugh ;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel:
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;
Though de'il hact ails them, yet uneasy :
Their days, insipid, dull, an' tasteless ;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless ;
An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through public places ;
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches ;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' whoring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters ;
But hear their absent thoughts o' 'ither,
They're a' run deils and jads thegither.
Whyles o'er the wee bit cup and platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictured beuks ;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.
There's some exception, man an' woman ;
But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night :
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone ;
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan ;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they were na *men* but *dogs* ;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.

LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I sprachled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
(Wi' rev'rence be it spoken ;)
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
When mighty squireships of the quorum
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin,
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,
Up higher yet, my bonnet ;
And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage, he o'erlooks them a'
As I look o'er my sonnet !

But oh for Hogarth's magic pow'r !
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,
And how he stared and stammer'd,
When goavan as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd.

To meet good Stuart little pain is,
Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes,
Thinks I, they are but men !
But Burns, my Lord—Guid God ! I doited,
My knees on ane anither knoited,
As faultering I gaed ben !

I sidelins shelter'd in a nook,
An' at his Lordship steal't a look
Like some portentous omen ;
Except good sense and social glee,
An' (what surprised me) modesty,
I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms of the great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming ;
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as weel's another ;
Nae honest, worthy man need care
To meet with noble, youthful Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labours plies ;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise ;
Here justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail ;
Their views enlarged, their lib'ral mind
Above the narrow, rural vale ;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim ;
And never may their sources fail !
And never envy blot their name.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn !
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy !
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
I see the sire of love on high,
And own his work indeed divine !

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;
Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar :
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock ;
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Famed heroes ! had their royal home :
Alas ! how changed the times to come !
Their royal name low in the dust !
Their hapless race wide-wand'ring roam !
Though rigid law cries out, 'twas just !

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And faced grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led !

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs ;
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near,
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name.

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, self control
Is wisdom's root.

THE BRIGS OF AYR:

A POEM.

Inscribed to J. Ballantyne, Esq. Ayr.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn-bush;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-toned plovers, grey, wild whistling o'er the hill;
Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy Independence bravely bred,
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potato-bings are snugged up frae skaith
Of coming Winter's biting frosty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs, delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,

Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :
(What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds !)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs ;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree ;
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.
'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh o' Ayr,
By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by Simpson's * wheel'd the left about ;
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate ;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why :)
The drowsy Dungeon-clock † had number'd two,
And Wallace Tower † had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln frith, with sullen sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore :
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e ;
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream—

When, lo ! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sough of whistling winds he heard ;
Twa dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Swift as the gos ‡ drives on the wheeling hare ;
Ane on the Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers.
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descried
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo o' the sp'ritual folk :
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the very de'ils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd o' ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face ;

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.
† The two steeples.
‡ The gos-hawk, or falcon.

He seem'd as he wi' Time had warsled lang,
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round wi' anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
It chanced his new-come neighbour took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he;
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this gude-e'en:—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank,
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Tho' faith, that day, I doubt, ye'll never see!
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
Will your poor narrow foot-path o' a street,
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk, o' stane and lime,
Compare wi' bonnie Brigs o' modern time?
There's men o' taste wad tak' the Ducat-stream *,
Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
Ere they wad grate their feelings wi' the view
O' sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood and tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills, where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

Or whare the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal* draws his feeble source,
Aroused by blust'ring winds and spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo rowes ;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,
Sweeps dams, and mills, and brigs, a' to the gate ;
And from Glenbuck† down to the Ratton-key‡,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea ;
Then down ye'll hurl—de'il nor ye never rise !
And dash the jumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
A lesson, sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost.

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't;
The L—d bethankit that we've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging, with threat'ning jut, like precipices ;
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves ;
Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;
Forms, like some bedlam-statuary's dream,
The crazed creations of misguided whim ;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea;
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird or beast ;
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace ;
Or cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion :
Fancies that our gude Brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy Proveses, and mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye:

* The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

† The source of the river Ayr.

‡ A small landing-place above the large quay.

Ye dainty Deacons, and ye douce Conveners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners ;
Ye godly Councils wha ha'e blest this town ;
Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly ga'e your hurdies to the smiters ;
(And what wad now be strange) ye godly Writers :
A' ye douce folk I 've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what wad ye say or do ?
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration ;
And, agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base degenerate race !
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots haud forth a plain braid story !
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, and douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country ;
Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d——d new Brigs
and Harbours !

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said enow,
And muckle mair than ye can mak' to through.
As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle :
But, under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spared ;
To liken them to your auld-warl' squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can ha'e a handle
To mouth "a Citizen," a term o' scandal :
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In a' the pomp of ignorant conceit ;
Men wha grew wise priggin' owre hops an' raisins,
Or gather'd liberal views in bonds and seisins.
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shored them wi' a glimmer o' his lamp,
And would to Common-sense for ance betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell ; but all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright :

Adown the glittering stream they featly danced ;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced :
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet ;
While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
O had M'Lauchlan *, thairm-inspiring Sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When through his dear Strathspeys they bore with High-
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs, [land rage,
The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares ;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fired,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspired !
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
Harmonious concert rang in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief, advanced in years ;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty, hand in hand with Spring ;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn ;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide ;
Benevolence, with mild benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair † ;
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
From simple Catrine ‡, their long-loved abode :
Last, white-robed Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death ;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

† The poet alludes here to Mrs. Stewart of Stair.—Stair was then in her possession. She afterwards removed to Afton-Lodge, on the banks of the Afton, a stream which he afterwards celebrated in a song, entitled "Afton-Water."

‡ The seat of Professor Dugald Stewart.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

Tune—"The Dragon of Wantley."

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit and lore,
Among the first was number'd;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd.
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And wan his heart's desire,
Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil p— in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case,
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy;
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purged was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision:
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the ass of Balaam.—

* * * * *

TO AN OLD SWEETHEART,

AFTER HER MARRIAGE, WITH A PRESENT OF A COPY OF HIS POEMS.

ONCE fondly loved, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Friendship!—'tis all cold duty now allows:—

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him (he asks no more),
Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smiled;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung;
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measured time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie,
Deprived of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy?

We part—but by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day:
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS, AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Jan. 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts,
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charged, perhaps too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you!

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"Killicrankie."

When Guildford good our pilot stood
And did our helm thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man;
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was nae slaw, man;
Down Lowrie's Burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man:
But yet, what reck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man;
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his enemies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,
Was kept in Boston ha', man;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man:
Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blood to draw, man!
But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive, frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And Sackville doore, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to thraw, man;

For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lowsed his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game;
Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man.
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man,
For North and Fox united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace of Indian race,
Led him a sair faux pas, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man:
An' Scotland drew her pipe and blew,
"Up Willie, waur them a', man!"

Behind the throne, then Grenville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man:
While slee Dundas aroused the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man:
An' Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
(Inspired bardies saw, man,)
Wi' kindling eyes, cried "Willie, rise!
Would I ha'e fear'd them a', man?"

But word and blow, North, Fox, and Co.
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthron rase, and coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man.
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
And did her whittle draw, man;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
To make it gude in law, man.

* * * * *

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE,

(Mrs. Scott, of Wauchope,)

IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH SHE HAD SENT THE AUTHOR.

GUIDWIFE,
I MIND it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
And first could thresh the barn ;
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh ;
An' tho' forfoughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn ;
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing and clearing
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa'.

E'en then, a wish, I mind its pow'r,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
An' spared the symbol dear ;
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain ;
Till on that hairst I said before,
My partner in the merry corps,
She roused the forming strain :

I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up her jingle,
Her witching smile, her pawky een
That gart my heart-strings tingle;
I fired, inspired,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared ay to speak.

Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
An' we to share in common:
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither:
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her.
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn or byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line:
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be wear;
'Twad please me to the nine.
I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hinging o'er my curple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
Fareweel then, lang heal then,
An' plenty be your fa':
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

March, 1787. R. BURNS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER *,

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

My Lord, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain!
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glow'rin' trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That to a bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry:
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Ev'n as I was he shored me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad adored me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well
As nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel',
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Wad then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes;

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful: but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin, pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm ;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form :
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown o' flowers ;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care ;
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain grey ;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed !
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land!
So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social flowing glasses,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses!"

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL

IN LOCH-TURIT, A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OUGHTERTYRE.

Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels;
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain!

In these savage liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,

Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

VERSES,

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON, THE POET, IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS, PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH 19, 1787.

Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

TO A LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES.

Fair Empress of the Poet's soul,
And Queen of Poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
"The whole of human kind!"

"To those who love us!"—second fill;
But not to those whom we love;
Lest we love those who love not us!
A third—"To thee and me love!"

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KENMURE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on its verdant side;
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * * *

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

* * * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of fate half-reconciled,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her scan,
And injured Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * * *

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods,
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where thro' a shapeless breach his stream resounds.
As high in air his bursting torrents flow,
As deep-recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear astonish'd rends.
Dim seen thro' rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid cauldron boils—

* * * * * * *

POETICAL ADDRESS

TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER, OF WOODHOUSELEE,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

Revered defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have revered on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry;
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

But loyalty, truce ! we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter ?
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care ;
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night ;
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE, ON NITH-SIDE.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,—
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As youth and love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair ;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptured sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?

Check thy climbing step elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease,
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ.,

OF FINTRAY.

When Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
And framed her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth;
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net:
The caput mortuum of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires:
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physic, politics, and deep divines:
Last, she sublimes the Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well-pleased, pronounced it very good;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter;
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it;)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet.

Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
A being form'd t'amuse his graver friends,
Admired and praised—and there the homage ends:
A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live:

Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the generous truly great,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landsmen on Life's stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)
Who make poor "will do" wait upon "I should"—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race;
Come thou, who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times,
Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command:
But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
Heavens! should the branded character be mine!
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit!
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.

In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front;
Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days!
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist! assume the plough again:
The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more;
On eighteen-pence a week I've lived before.
Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift;
That placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
Where, Man and Nature fairer in her sight,
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, GLENRIDDEL.

(Extempore Lines on returning a Newspaper.)

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through,
With little admiring or blaming; [Sir,
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir;
But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is, to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should know it!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierced my darling's heart:
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,—
Now, fond I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

The lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the loved haunts of Scotia's royal train*;
Or mused where limpid streams once hallow'd well†,
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane‡.

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky;
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war;
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And braved the mighty monarchs of the world.—

* The King's Park, at Holyrood House.

† St. Anthony's Well. ‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!

"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping Arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful Science heaves the heartfelt sigh.—

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow;
But ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low

"My patriot falls—but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No, every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Through future times to make his virtues last,
That distant years may boast of other Blairs"—
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

January 1, 1789.

For lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born!
But, oh! prodigious to reflect,
A towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events ha'e taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
And my auld teethless Bawtie's dead;
The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt and Fox,
An' our gudewife's wee birdie cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither's something dour o' treadin',
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
An' cry till ye be hearse an' roupit;
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
And gied you a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursel's, for little feck!

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een,
For some o' you ha'e tint a frien':
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowff an' dowie now they creep;
Nay, ev'n the yirth itself does cry,
For E'nbrugh wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care!
Thou now hast got thy daddie's chair;
Nae handcuff'd, muzzled, half-shackl'd Regent,
But, like himsel', a full, free agent.
Be sure to follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man!
As muckle better as you can.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang;
And through my lugs gi'es mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
Our neighbours' sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

Of a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill hairsts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' misery yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Tooth-Ache, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel,
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-ache.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation! mark
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.

See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo! there she goes—unpitied and unblest!
She goes—but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies! lift thine eyes
(Awhile forbear, ye tort'ring fiends),
Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty *quondam mate*,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heav'n.

SCOTS PROLOGUE,

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play and that new sang is comin'?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend, like whiskey, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gi'e us sangs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he need na toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enough in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.—

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how, hapless, fell?

Where are the muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce ;
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord ;
And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
O for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen !
Vain all the omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman :
A woman, though the phrase may seem uncivil,
As able and as cruel as the devil !
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglases were heroes every age ;
And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps if bowls rowe right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads !

As ye ha'e generous done, if a' the land
Would take the muses' servants by the hand ;
Not only hear, but patronise, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them ;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard and say, the folks ha'e done their best !
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
Ye'll soon ha'e poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar Fame blow until her trumpet crack,
And warsle Time an' lay him on his back !

For us and for our stage should ony spier,
"Whase aught thae chiels mak' a' this bustle here?"
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
We ha'e the honour to belong to you !
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers, shore before you strike,—
An' gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, sets and ranks ;
God help us ! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye:
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little of that life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains,
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY EVENING.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity
Tho', by the by, abroad why will you roam?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home:
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new year!
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
"You're one year older this important day;"
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—"Think!"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush'd with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way:
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him;
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—now!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers, bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

DELIA.—AN ODE.

Fair the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
O let me steal one liquid kiss,
For Oh! my soul is parch'd with love!

FRAGMENT,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite;
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white;
How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
I sing: if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory,
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right;
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man, for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks:
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one-ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours, [bours:
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neigh-
Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him?
Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show him.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd him!
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe;
Have you found this, or t'other? there's more in the wind;
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find;
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature call'd Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ellisland, Oct. 21, 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie,
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?
I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron* south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tald mysel', by word o' mouth,
He'd tak' my letter!
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth
And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on,
And holy study;
An' tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier?
I'm turn'd a gauger—peace be here!
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,
Ye'll now disdain me,
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
Loup, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I ha'e a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun ha'e brose an' brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yoursel's my heart right proud is,
I needna vaunt,
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

* The Rev. Robert Heron, author of a History of Scotland, and various other works of merit.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care !
I'm weary sick o't late and ear' !
Not but I ha'e a richer share
Than mony ithers ;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers ?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man !
And let us mind faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair :
Wha does the utmost that he can
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse and scant o' time,)
To mak' a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to Sister Beckie ;
And eke the same to honest Luckie,
I wat she is a daintie chuckie
As e'er trade clay !
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I'm yours for aye.

ROBERT BURNS.

SKETCH.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again :
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.
The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer ;
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.

Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds ;
Coila's fair Rachael's care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me in moralizing,
This day's propitious to be wise in.
First, what did yesternight deliver ?
"Another year is gone for ever."
And what is this day's strong suggestion ?
"The passing moment's all we rest on !"
Rest on !—for what ? what do we here ?
Or why regard the passing year ?
Will Time, amused with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more ?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss ?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss !
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies :
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight ;
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone ;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woful night.—
Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us th' important *now* employ,
And live as those that never die.
Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale envy to convulse,)
Others now claim your chief regard ;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD SENT BURNS A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

——— *Ellisland*, 1790.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
And faith, to me, 'twas really new!
How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
This monie a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin';
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doing;
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or, if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt;
If Denmark, any body spak' o't!
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin',
How libbet Italy was singin';
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court, keep up the game;
How Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
Or glaiket Charlie gat his nieve in:
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails,
Or if he was grown oughtlins doucer,
And no a perfect kintra cooser:
A' this and mair I never heard of;
And but for you I might despair'd of.
So. gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend you!

ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, heav'nly light.

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle deevil wi' a woodie
Haul thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing earns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join ye, Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae linn to linn.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see;
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first of flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At e'en, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' the rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse, that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews, calling through a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay
Wham we deplore.

Ye howlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead!

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around!

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger! my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man,
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man,
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man!
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kin' man!

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whinging sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

THE FIVE CARLINES;

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

Tune—"Chevy Chase."

THERE were Five Carlines in the south,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to Lunnun town
To bring them tidings hame;

Nor only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there,
And aiblins gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith *,
A dame wi' pride eneugh;
And Marjory o' the Monylochs †,
A carline auld and teugh;

And blinkin' Bess o' Annandale ‡,
That dwells near Solway side;
And whiskey Jean, that took her gill
In Galloway sae wide §;

And black Joán frae Crichton Peel ‖,
O' gipsy kith and kin,
Five wightier carlines were na foun'
The south countrie within.

* Dumfries. † Lochmaben. ‡ Annan.
§ Kirkcudbright. ‖ Sanquh

To send a lad to Lunnun town,
They met upon a day,
And mony a knight and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae.

Oh! mony a knight and mony a laird
This errand fain wad gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please:
Oh! ne'er a ane but tway.

The first ane was a belted knight *,
Bred o' a Border band,
And he wad gae to Lunnun town,
Might nae man him withstand;

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say,
And ilka ane at Lunnun court
Would bid to him gude day.

The niest came in a sodger youth †,
And spak' wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to Lunnun toun
If sae their pleasure was:

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend,
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now, wham to choose and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlines fell,
For some had gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

Then out spak' mim-mou'd Meg of Nith,
And she spak' up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide;

For the auld guidman o' Lunnun ‡ court
She didna care a pin;
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son §.

* Sir J. Johnstone. † Mr. Miller.
‡ George III. § The Prince of Wales.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
And a deadly aith she's ta'en,
That she wad vote the Border knight,
Though she should vote her lane;

For far-aff fowls ha'e feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain;
But I ha'e tried the Border knight,
And I'll try him yet again.

Says black Joún frae Crichton Peel,
A carline sour and grim,
The auld guidman or the young guidman
For me may sink or swim;

For fools may prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn;
But the sodger's friends ha'e blawn the best,
So he shall bear the horn.

Then whiskey Jean spak' ower her drink:
Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lunnun court,
His back's been at the wa';

And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,
Is now a fremit wight,
But it's ne'er be said o' whiskey Jean—
We'll send the Border knight.

Then slow rase Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow,
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots heart was true;

There's some great folks set light by me,
I set as light by them;
But I will sen' to Lunnun toun
Wham I like best at hame.

Sae how this weighty plea will end,
Nae mortal wight can tell,
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to himsel'!

ANSWER TO A MANDATE

SENT BY THE SURVEYOR OF TAXES.

Mossgiel, Feb. 22nd, 1788.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
To which I'm free to tak' my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,—
I ha'e four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle ;
My land-afore, a guid auld has-been,
And wight and wilfu' a' his days been ;
My land-ahin's a weel-gaun filly,
Wha aft has borne me safe frae Killie,
And your auld borough mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime :
But ance when in my wooing pride
I like a blockhead boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(Lord, pardon a' my sins an' that too !)
I play'd my filly sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
My fur-ahin', a wordy beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was traced :
The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty,
A d-mn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie,
Forby a cowte, of cowtes the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail ;
An' he be spared to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel carriages I ha'e but few :
Three carts, and twa are feckly new ;
An auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Ae leg and baith the trams are broken ;
I made a poker o' the spindle,
And my auld mither brunt the trundle.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-deils for rantin' and for noise ;
A gaudsman ane, a thresher t'other,
Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.

I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
And aften labour them completely ;
And aye on Sundays duly nightly,
I on the Questions tairge them tightly,
Till, faith ! wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,
(Tho' scarcely langer than my leg,)
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling
As fast as ony in the dwalling.

I've nane in female servan' station,
Lord keep me aye frae a' temptation !
I ha'e nae wife, and that my bliss is,
And ye ha'e laid nae tax on misses ;
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted ;
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddie in her face,
Eneugh of aught ye like but grace.
But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,
I've paid enough for her already,
And if ye tax her or her mither,
B' the Lord, ye'se get them a' thegither !

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of license out I'm takin' ;
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ;
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle ;
I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thankit !
And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.
The Kirk an' you may tak' you that,
It puts but little in your pat ;
Sae dinna scrieve me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
The day and date as under noted ;
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic

ROBERT BURNS.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full is this Buke.—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearin' late,
And folk begin to tak' the gate ;
While we sit bousin' at the nappy,
And getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gatherin' her brows like gatherin' storm,
Nursin' her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam ! hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice !
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober ;
That ilka melder wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roarin' fou on ;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon ;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale :—Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right ;

Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely,
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growin' better ;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious ;
The souter tauld his queerest stories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus ;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy !
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide ;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
An' sic a night he tak's the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
The ratt'ling show'rs rose on the blast ;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd :
That night a child might understand,
The de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;

Whiles hauding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and howlets nightly cry.

By this time he was 'cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd herself'.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebaugh we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na de'ils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,
But horupipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gi'e them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gar't them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl!—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;

And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light;
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carline swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strappin' in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush o' gude blue hair,
I wad ha'e gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping and flinging on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the corps,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country side in fear;)

Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever graced a dance of witches !

But here my muse her wing maun cower,
Sic flights are far beyond her power ;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd ;
Even Satan glowr'd and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main ;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark !"
And in an instant all was dark :
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke ;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When " Catch the thief!" resounds aloud ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'lt get thy fairin' !
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin' !
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' !
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane* of the brig ;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.

* It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any further than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carline claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
And faith, he'll prent it!

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco sleight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, howlet-haunted biggin'*,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's! colleaguin'
At some black art.

* *Vide* his Antiquities of Scotland.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or cham'er,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
And you deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b——es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets *,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets
A towmont gude;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal-Cain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philibeg;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose
Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

* *Vide* his Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons.

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPT. GROSE;

TO BE LEFT WITH MR. CARDONNEL, ANTIQUARIAN.

Tune—"Sir John Malcolm."

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo & ago,
If he's amang his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North?
Igo & ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?
Igo & ago,
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
Igo & ago.
Or haudin' Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Whare'er he be, the Lord be near him!
Igo & ago,
As for the deil, he daur nae steer him.
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,
Igo & ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye ha'e auld stanes in store,
Igo & ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo & ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

VERSES TO CHLORIS,

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR ON A BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS POEMS.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower;)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind.

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,
With every muse to rove;
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

[As the authentic prose history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland, with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was the last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany: and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friar's Carse, the Whistle was once more contested for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Fergusson, Esq., of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert: which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.]

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North.
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda *, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventured, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

* See Ossian's Caric-thura.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic o'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw:
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More*,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet, lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

* See Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a corps,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well worn out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage ;
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine !
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ;
But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend ?
Though fate said—a hero should perish in light ;
So uprose bright Phœbus—and downfell the knight.

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink :—
" Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink !
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime !

" Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce :
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day ! "

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

The wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream :
Beneath a craigy steep a bard
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down wi' years ;
His locks were bleached white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;

And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire!
Ye woods, that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nought in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending, aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flower amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay;
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom

"In poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involved me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! why has worth so short a date,
While villains ripen grey with time?
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!
O nad I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD OF WHITEFOORD, BART. WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st:
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valued'st, I the patron loved;
His worth, his honour, all the world approved.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

POEM,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE. DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wantin' thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake! the meikle deil,
Wi' a' his witches,
Are at it, skelpin, jig and reel,
In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That one-pound-one, I sairly want it:
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And, while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
I'd bear 't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin'
To thee and thine—
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

YE'VE heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
And turned a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
A tentier way:
Then farewell, folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and ay.

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

Tune—Killicrankie.

LORD ADVOCATE.

He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation mist
His argument he tint it:
He gaped for't, he graped for't,
He fand it was awa', man;
But what his common sense came short,
He eked it out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected Harry stood awee,
Then open'd out his arm, man;
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And eyed the gathering storm, man:
Like wind-driven hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a linn, man;
The Bench sae wise, lift up their eyes,
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST, AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS

Written by desire of the Poet's friend, the Earl of Buchan.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Æolian strains between:

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.
OF FINTRAY.

Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest;)
Will generous Graham list his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor misery, heark'ning to her tale,)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature, partial Nature I arraign
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground.
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,
In all the omnipotence of rule and power.—
Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug.
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun,
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;

No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those alas! not Amalthea's horn;
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur,
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears the unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear.
Foil'd, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
The hapless poet flounders on through life,
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspired.
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injured page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage.

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up;
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave, sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clew of hope,
And through disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
Fintray, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Through a long life his hopes and wishes crown:
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path,
Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.,

OF FINTRAY.

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty o'er disgrace;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!

THE VISION.

A FRAGMENT.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,*
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy—"Libertie!"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna venture't in my rhymes.

* The ruins of Lincluden Abbey.

TO JOHN MAXWELL, ESQ., OF TERRAUGHTY, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief!
Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspired, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf
This natal morn,
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second-sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet)
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure—

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men and lassies bonnie,
May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blithe and e'enings funny,
Bless them and thee.

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the de'il he daurna steer ye:
Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye:
For me, shame fa' me,
If niest my heart I dinna wear ye
While BURNS they ca' me.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE

THOSE of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resign'd;
Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who will not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN;

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT.

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,
One sacred Right of Woman is protection:
The tender flower that lifts its head elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet—
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers
Such conduct neither spirit, wit nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
In that blest sphere alone, we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired!
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired!
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection removed;
How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate!—
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear;
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier.

We'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay,
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

Hail, Poesie! thou nymph reserved!
In chase o' thee what crowds ha'e swerved
Frae common sense, or sunk enerved
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
And och! o'er aft thy joes ha'e starved,
'Mid a' thy favours!

Say, lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin, skelp alang
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd sang,
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him 'rives
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Ev'n Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus! wha matches?
They 're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches:
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-famed Grecian, share
A rival place?

Yes, there is ane—a Scottish callan!
There's ane—come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk beyond the hallan,
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan,
But thou 's for ever!

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines:
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes,
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns grey,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel';
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love,
That charm, that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

SONNETS.

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ., OF GLEN-RIDDEL.

April, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more!
Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul:
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
How can I to the tuneful strain attend? [flies.
That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddel

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier;
The Man of Worth, who has not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH OF JAN., 1793, THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain!
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So, in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content, with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments,—bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care!
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.

IMPROMPTU

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTH-DAY, 4TH NOV. 1793.

OLD Winter with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd:
"What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless sons no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow:
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English hanging, drowning.
"Now, Jove, for once, be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me."
"'Tis done!" says Jove;—so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

'TWAS where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And cruelty directs the thickening blows;
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling vowels to account.—

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge he granted, *ai!*

Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with pit'ous grace
The justling tears ran down his honest face!
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!

The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;
And next the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd.

The cobwebb'd gothic dome resounded Y!
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art;
So grim, deform'd with horrors, entering U,
His dearest friend and brotlier scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
Baptized him *eu*, and kicked him from his sight.

LIBERTY.—A FRAGMENT.

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among—
Thee famed for martial deed and sacred song—
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead!
Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.—
Is this the power in freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
One quench'd in darkness like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET,

OF MONBODDO.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies ;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow
As that which laid the accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget ?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set !
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves,
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more !

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens ;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stored,
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail ?
And thou, sweet excellence ! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail ?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres ;
But like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care !
So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE, ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, DEC. 4, 1795, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies;
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last my Prologue-business slily hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times;
Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,—
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears,
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery 's another word for Grief;
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jilting arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:

Would'st thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf?
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born piety her sanction seals.

TO A YOUNG LADY

MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES; WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer
That fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward:
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

VERSES TO J. RANKINE.

[The person to whom his Poem on shooting the Partridge is addressed while Rankine occupied the farm of Adamhill, in Ayrshire.]

Ae day, as Death, that grusome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter;
Ashamed himsel' to see the wretches,
He mutters, glowrin' at the b——s,
"By God I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the spiritual corps present them,
Without, at least, ae honest man,
To grace this d——d infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"Lord God!" quoth he, "I have it now,
There's just the man I want, i' faith!"
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

ON SENSIBILITY.

Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley—
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe!

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

Dumfries, 1796.

My honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your int'rest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart ha'e I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill
And potion glasses.

O what a cantie warl' were it,
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it;
And Fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve;
(And ay a rowth roast-beef and claret,
Syne wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Ay wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrons by a ratton,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye 'll ne'er cast saut on,
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare,
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels-o'er-gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quit my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! Amen!

LINES

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send;
(Not moony madness more astray;)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah, why should I such scenes outlive?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

INSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF FERGUSSON.

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

Born September 5th, 1751.—Died 15th October, 1774.

No sculptured marble here, no pompous lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust,"
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

FOR R. A., ESQ.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much loved, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss:
If there is none, he made the best of this.

ON WEE JOHNNY.

Hic jacet wee Johnny.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That death has murder'd Johnny!
An' here his body lies fu' low—
For saul, he ne'er had ony.

ON JOHN DOVE,

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pigeon;
What was his religion?
Wha e'er desired to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carle,
For here Johnny Pigeon had nane!

Strong ale was ablution—
Small beer, persecution,
A dram was *memento mori*;
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

THE poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed;
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved, or damn'd!

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE Souter Hood in death does sleep;
To hell if he's gane thither,
Satan, gi'e him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b—ch
Into thy dark dominion.

ON A WRITER IN DUMFRIES.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man!
Cheat him, Devil, if you can.

ON A SCHOOLMASTER IN CLEISH PARISH FIFE-SHIRE.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes:
O Satan, when ye tak' him,
Gi'e him the schoolin' of your weans;
For clever de'ils he'll mak' 'em!

ON A HEN-PECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled,
The devil ruled the woman.

ON THE SAME.

O DEATH! hadst thou but spared his life,
Whom we this day lament;
We freely wad exchanged the wife,
And a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do't;
Tak' thou the carline's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the saul to boot.

ON THE SAME.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd her,
She reduced him to dust, and she drank up the powder;
But Queen Netherplace, of a different complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have eat her dead lord on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense.

ON WAT.

Such a reptile was Wat,
Such a miscreant slave,
That the very worms damned him
When laid in his grave.
"In his flesh there's a famine,"
A starved reptile cries;
"And his heart is rank poison,"
Another replies.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

The devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Astonished, confounded, cried Satan, "By G—!
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load."

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

Lament him, Mauchline husbands a',
He often did assist ye;
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye press
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on this grass,
Perhaps he was your father.

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD,

WHO WAS NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON.

Bless Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
With grateful lifted eyes,
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too must rise:
For had he said, "the soul alone
From death I will deliver;"
Alas! alas! O Cardoness,
Then thou hadst slept for ever.

LINES ON MRS. KEMBLE.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

TO MR. SYME,

IN ANSWER TO AN INVITATION TO JOIN A DINNER PARTY.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. SYME,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of humankind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

ON HEARING THAT THERE WAS FALSEHOOD IN THE REV. DR. B——'S VERY LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny,
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie?

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATIONS OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

O THOU, whom poesy abhors,
Whom prose has turned out of doors,
Heard'st thou that groan? proceed no farther;
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring Murther!

ON MISS J. SCOTT OF AYR.

Oh! had each Scot of ancient times
Been Jeanie Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN DUMFRIES.

The greybeard, Old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him, calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD GALLOWAY.

What dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit, Galloway! and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME.

Bright ran thy line, O Galloway,
Thro' many a far-famed sire!
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
So ended in a mire!

TO THE SAME,

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS RESENTMENT.

Spare me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

ON BEING ASKED WHY GOD MADE MISS DAVIES SO LITTLE, AND MRS. * * * SO LARGE.

Written on a pane of glass in the inn at Moffat.

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

WRITTEN AT INVERARY.

Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God, his Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland cauld and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in an anger!

A VERSE

Composed and repeated by Burns to the Master of the House, on taking leave at a place in the Highlands, where he had been hospitably entertained.

When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

Grant me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give,
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things that were.

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

In politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be,
Bear this in mind—be deaf and blind;
Let great folks hear and see.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

We came na here to view your warks,
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise:

But whan we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

Searching old wives' barrels,
Och hone! the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels,
But—what'll ye say?
These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW AT THE KING'S ARMS TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen? give the cause a hearing:—
Whatare your landlords' rent-rolls? teasing ledgers:
What premiers, what? even monarchs' mighty gaugers:
Nay what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?
What are they, pray, but spiritual Excisemen?

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent:
And if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!

Amen.

EXTEMPORE.

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO A CARD FROM AN INTIMATE OF BURNS, WISHING HIM TO SPEND AN HOUR AT A TAVERN.

THE King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' ye by an' by,
Or else the devil's in it.

EXTEMPORE LINES

DELIVERED AT A MEETING OF THE DUMFRIES-SHIRE VOLUNTEERS, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF ADMIRAL RODNEY'S VICTORY, APRIL 12, 1782, WHEN BURNS WAS CALLED ON FOR A SONG.

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,—
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;
That we lost, did I say? nay, by heav'n, that we found,
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I'll give you the King—
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing!
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution;
And longer with Politics not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damn'd;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

CURSED be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has no sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell!
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—ch.

HANDSOME NELL*.

Tune—"I am a man unmarried."

O, ONCE I loved a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that honour warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen,
And mony full as braw,
But for a modest gracefu' mien
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities
She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet;
And what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

* This was our Poet's first attempt.

BONNIE LESLEY.

Tune—"The Collier's bonnie daughter."

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The de'il he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we ha'e a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

FRAGMENT.

Tune—"I had a horse, and I had nae mair."

When first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady,
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade
A mistress still I had aye:

But when I cam' roun' by Mauchline town,
Not dreadin' ony body,
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

* * *

TIBBIE, I HA'E SEEN THE DAY.

Tune—"Invercauld's Reel."

CHORUS.

O Tibbie, I ha'e seen the day,
Ye wad nae been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

YESTRÉEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try;

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows onie saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

But if he ha'e the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice,
Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice;
The de'il a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wad na gie her in her sark,
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark;
Ye need na look sae high.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

"These two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen, and are among the oldest of my printed pieces."—*Burns's Reliques.*

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle Fortune has deceived me,
(She promised fair, and perform'd but ill;)
Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

LUCKLESS FORTUNE.

O RAGING fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low! O,
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low! O.

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O.

But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O,
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

* * * * * *

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Tune—"The Deuks dang o'er my Daddy!"

NAE gentle dames, though e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gi'e me my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will
To sing my highland lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my highland lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow
I'll love my highland lassie, O.

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low
I'm thine, my highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my highland lassie, O!

JOHN BARLEYCORN *.

A BALLAD.

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY.

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"Galla Water."

Altho' my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gi'e o' joy to me,
The sharin' 't with Montgomerie's Peggy.

* * * * * * *

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

Tune—"Corn rigs are bonnie."

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down wi' right good will
Amang the rigs o' barley.
I ken'd her heart was a' my ain;
I loved her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely!
My blessings on that happy place
Amang the rigs o' barley.
But by the moon and stars sae bright,
That shone that hour sae clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I ha'e been blithe wi' comrades dear;
I ha'e been merry drinking;
I ha'e been joyfu' gathering gear;
I ha'e been happy thinking;
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a'
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs an' barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER*.

Tune—"The Weaver and his Shuttle.

My Father was a Farmer
Upon the Carrick border,
And carefully he bred me
In decency and order.
He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing,
For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding.

Then out into the world,
My course I did determine,
Though to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming.
My talents they were not the worst,
Nor yet my education;
Resolved was I, at least to try,
To mend my situation.

In many a way, and vain essay,
I courted fortune's favour;
Some cause unseen still stept between,
To frustrate each endeavour;
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd;
Sometimes by friends forsaken;
And when my hope was at the top
I still was worst mistaken.

Then sore harass'd, and tired at last,
With fortune's vain delusion;
I dropt my schemes like idle dreams,
And came to this conclusion—
The past was bad, and the future hid;
Its good or ill untried;
But the present hour was in my pow'r,
And so I would enjoy it.

* "This song is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification, but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over."
BURNS'S *Reliques*, p. 329.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I;
Nor person to befriend me;
So I must toil, and sweat and broil,
And labour to sustain me.
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early;
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for fortune fairly.

Thus all obscure, unknown and poor,
Through life I'm doom'd to wander,
Till down my weary bones I lay
In everlasting slumber:
No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow;
I live to-day, as well's I may,
Regardless of to-morrow.

But cheerful still, I am as well
As a monarch in a palace,
Though fortune's frown still hunts me down,
With all her wonted malice;
I make, indeed, my daily bread,
But ne'er can make it farther;
But as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her.

When sometimes by my labour
I earn a little money,
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes generally upon me;
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
Or my good-natured folly;
But come what will, I've sworn it still,
I'll ne'er be melancholy.

All you who follow wealth and power
With unremitting ardour,
The more in this you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther:
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
Or nations to adore you,
A cheerful honest-hearted clown
I will prefer before you.

SONG,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

Now westlin' winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T*.

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
Wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me whare I lie?
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Wha will own he did the fau't?
Wha will buy my groanin' maut?
Wha will tell me what to ca't?
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gi'e me Rob, I seek nae mair,
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak' me fidgin' fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

O LEAVE NOVELS.

Tune—"Mauchline Belles."

O LEAVE novéls, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel.
Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel,
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part,
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.
The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel,
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

* "I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud."—BURNS's *Reliques*, p. 278.

NANNIE.

Tune—"My Nannie, O."

Behind yon hills where Lugar* flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

The westlin' wind blaws loud an' shill;
The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O!

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that haud his pleugh,
An' ha'e nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

* Originally Stinchar.

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

Tune—"Let me in this ae night."

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

O wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy,
No shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.
O wert thou, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.
O wert thou, &c.

But dreary though the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert thou, &c.

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

A FRAGMENT.

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
O what a feast her bonnie mou'!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner.

THERE'S NOUGHT BUT CARE.

Tune—"Green grow the rushes."

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, O!

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The warl'y race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gi'e me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warl'y cares, an' warl'y men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, wha sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, O!

ROBIN.

Tune—"Dainty Davie."

THERE was a lad was born at Kyle*,
But what na day o' what na style—
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'
Blew handsel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof:
Quo' scho, "Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae cuif,
I think we 'll ca' him Robin.

"He'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

"But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin'—
So leeze me on thee, Robin!

"Guid faith," quo' scho, "I doubt ye'll gar
The bonnie lasses lie aspar,
But twenty faults ye may ha'e waur,
So blessin's on thee, Robin!"

Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

* Kyle—a district of Ayrshire. The reader need not be informed who "Robin" was.—ED.

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

Tune—"Braes o' Balquhidder."

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their handsel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O;
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O;—
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

MY JEAN.

[This beautiful Fragment is an early Composition.]

Tune—"The Northern Lass."

Though cruel Fate should bid us part,
As far 's the Pole and Line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

Though mountains frown and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

YOUNG PEGGY.

[This is one of the Poet's earliest compositions. It is copied from a MS. book which he had before his first publication.—*Cromek.*]

Tune—"The last time I came owre the muir."

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With pearly gems adorning.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them.
Her smiles are like the evening mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her;
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of savage, surly winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain
Her winning powers to lessen;
And spiteful envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye powers of honour, love, and truth,
From every ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

[Recovered from the recitation of a lady in Glasgow, and first published by Cromek.]

Tune—"If he be a butcher neat and trim."

On Cessnock banks there lives a lass—
Could I describe her shape and mien;
The graces of her weel-far'd face,
And the glancin' of her sparklin' een.

She's fresher than the morning dawn
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam;
An she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen.
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching Beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.

MARY.

Tune—"Blue Bonnets."

Powers celestial, whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander
Let my Mary be your care:
Let her form sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own;
Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her,
Soft and peaceful as her breast;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest:
Guardian angels, O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam,
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home*.

* Probably written on Highland Mary, on the eve of the poet's departure to the West Indies.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

Tune—"Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly."

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit, with his purse;
But see you the *Crown* how it waves in the air,
There, a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle 's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;—
But the parsy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts," *—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him! that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Masonic Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw!
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

MENIE.

Tune—"Johnny's Grey Breeks."

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be !*

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring ;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
But life to me 's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree ;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me !

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's. *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Marianne*.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff."

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang ;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang :
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy ;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild ;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wandering in a lonely wild :
But woman, nature's darling child !
There all her charms she does compile ;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose in Scotland's plain !
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

THE FAREWELL

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune—"Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!"

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Though I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honoured with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the bard that's far awa'.

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be ajee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er you meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie:
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.
Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

ELIZA.

Tune—"Gilderoy."

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar;
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more:
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh.

I AM MY MAMMY'S AE BAIRN.

[Of this song the chorus and second stanza are old.]

Tune—"I'm owre young to marry yet."

I AM my mammie's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd, wad mak' me eerie, Sir.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
I'm owre young to marry yet;
I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin
To tak' me frae my mammie yet.

My mammie coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun ha'e the gracing o't;
Were I to lie wi' you, kind Sir,
I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.
I'm owre young, &c.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
And you an' I in ae bed,
In troth I dare na venture, Sir.
I'm owre young, &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
I'm owre young, &c.

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

[Burns intended this song as a farewell dirge to his native land, from which he was to embark in a few days for Jamaica. "I had taken," says he, "the last farewell of my friends: my chest was on the road to Greenock: I composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia,—'The gloomy night is gathering fast.'"]

Tune—"Roslin Castle."

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest wi' care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid azure sky
She sees the scowling tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore:
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpiercèd with many a wound:
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!

BONNIE LASSIE, WILL YE GO.

Tune—"The Birks of Abergeldie."

Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune—"Morag."

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden:
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle Gordon.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Tune—"M'Pherson's Lament."

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring and danced it round,
Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?—
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring and danced it round,
Below the gallows tree.

THICKEST NIGHT O'ERHANG MY DWELLING.

Tune—"Strathallan's Lament."

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets, gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes, softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

[The chorus of this song is old.]

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

Tune—"Andro and his cutty gun."

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben:
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
But blither in Glenturit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb's upon a lea,
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I ha'e been;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben:
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
But blither in Glenturit glen.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

Tune—"An Gillie dubh ciar-dhubh."

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
Well you know how much you grieve me;
Cruel charmer, can you go?
Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited;
By the faith you fondly plighted;
By the pangs of lovers slighted;
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON

Tune—"Bhannerach dhon na cri."

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair!
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew!
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Tune—"M'Grigor of Ruara's Lament."

Raving winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strewing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella strayed deploring:
"Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow—
Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load, to misery most distressing,
O how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

Tune—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang,
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
The joyless day how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang,
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Tune—"The Shepherd's Wife."

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood;
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird! young Jeannie fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud! young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

[This song was written in honour of Mrs. Burns.]

Tune—"My love is lost to me."

O WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel';
On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
And write how dear I love thee!

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much—how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And ay I muse and sing thy name:
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run,
Till then—and then I'd love thee.

STREAMS THAT GLIDE.

Tune—"Morag."

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains!
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands;
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood;
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave
By bonnie Castle Gordon.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

Tune—"Johnny M'Gill."

O WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I carena thy kin sae high and sae lordly:
But say thou wilt ha'e me for better for waur,
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune—"Druimion dubh."

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law;
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa'.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa'!

WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny."

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes.
As one who, by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

MY HARRY.

Tune—"Highlander's Lament."

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain:
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I sit me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.

O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Highland Harry back again.

MY BONNIE MARY*

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

* This air is Oswald's; the first half-stanza of the song is old.

BLOOMING NELLY.

Tune—"The lady of the flowery field."

On a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep oppress't:

When Willie, wand'ring through the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued;
He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheathed,
Were seal'd in soft repose;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breathed,
They richer dyed the rose.

The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace;
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace!

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul!

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings;
So Nelly, starting, half awake,
Away affrighted springs:

But Willie follow'd—as he should,
He overtook her in the wood:
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Tune—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

Tune—"Seventh of November."

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry Line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

THE LAZY MIST.

Irish Air—"Coolun."

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year!
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues!

How long I have lived, but how much lived in vain;
How little of life's scanty span may remain:
What aspects, old Time, in his progress has worn;
What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn.
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gained!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darkened, how pain'd!
This life's not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Tune—"Failse na Miosg."

[The first half-stanza of this song is old.]

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer:
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

BEWARE OF BONNIE ANN*.

Ye gallants bright, I rede you right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimpy laced her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van;
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann.

FIRST WHEN MAGGIE WAS MY CARE.

Tune—"Whistle owre the lave o't."

First when Maggie was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle owre the lave o't.
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was nature's child—
Wiser men than me's beguiled—
Whistle owre the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see—
Whistle owre the lave o't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle owre the lave o't.

* "I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton the daughter of my friend Allan Masterton, author of the air of Strathallan's Lament, and two or three others in this work."
Burns' Reliques, p. 266.

CA' THE EWES*.

Tune—"Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes."

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie!

As I gaed down the water side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
An' he ca'd me his dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide,
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly.
Ca' the, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me.
Ca' the, &c.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

* Part of this song is old.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lament."

THERE'S a youth in this city,
It were a great pity
That he frae our lasses should wander awa';
For he's bonnie an' braw,
Weel-favoured with a',
And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.
His coat is the hue
Of his bonnet sae blue;
His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw;
His hose they are blae,
And his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune
The laddie's been courtin';
Weel featured, weel tocher'd, weel mounted, and braw;
But chiefly the siller,
That gars him gang till her,
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.
There's Meg wi' the mailen
That fain wad a haen him;
And Susie, whose daddie was laird o' the ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy
Maist fetters his fancy;
But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.

[These verses were composed to celebrate a visit which the Poet and Allan Masterton made to William Nichol, of the High-school, Edinburgh, who happened to be at Moffat during the autumn vacation.—The air is by Masterton.]

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam' to see;
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na' fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
But ay we'll taste the barley-bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift see hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!

We are na' fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
But ay we'll taste the barley-bree.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff."

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF MUIR,

BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL OF MAR

Tune—"Cameronian Rant."

"O CAM' ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?"
I saw the battle, sair and teugh,
And reekin'-red ran monie a sheugh.
My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades
To meet them were na slaw, man,
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And monie a bouk did fa', man.
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles:
They hack'd and hash'd while broadswords clash'd,
And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa', man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin' tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dared our whigs,
And covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets opposed the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frighted doos, man.

"O how de'il, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man:
I saw mysel', they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And monie a huntit, poor red coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man."

My sister Kate cam' up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blood to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
And so it goes you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
But monie bade the world guid-night;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
And whigs to hell did flee, man.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE, YESTREEN.

Tune—"Blathric o't."

I GAED a waefu' gate, yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips, like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white;—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wyled,
She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam' frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

MY HEART IS A-BREAKING, DEAR TITTIE.

Tune—"The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity;
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinkin', wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak' a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummelier,
"Guid day to you, brute!" he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men:
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was wauken
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad
In a' our town or here awa';
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,*
Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'!
He roosed my een sae bonnie blue,
He roosed my waist sae genty sma';
And aye my heart came to my mou',
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
And o'er the lea I look fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
And aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he tak's me a';
And aye he vows he'll be my ain
As lang 's he has a breath to draw.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"Miss Forbes."

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Through faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle.

* The gaud—at the plough.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-Burn,
And blythe awakes the morrow ;
But a' the pride o' Spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

GANE IS THE DAY.

Tune—"Gudewife, count the lawin."

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And bluid-red wine's the risin' sun.

Then gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin,
Then gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple folk maun fecht and fen',
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then gudewife, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink deep ye'll find him out.
Then gudewife, &c.

MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE.

Tune—"My Tocher's the Jewel."

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He canna ha'e luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye 're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye 're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye 'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
An' ye 'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune—"Robie Donna Gorach."

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command.
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear?
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gayly bloom;
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton through the broom!
Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang,
He's doylt and he's dozen, his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld antie Katie upon me tak's pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

THE BONNIE WEE THING,

Tune—"The Lads of Saltcoats."

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

Tune—"Falkland Fair."

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde, [to feed,
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me ha'e the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd, clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang the wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath:
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, fly the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share:
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement ha'e polished her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they fly to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD.

Tune—"Over the hills an' far awa'."

O how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they ha'e disown'd me a',
But I ha'e ane will tak' my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
And silken snoods he gave me twa ;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken-shaw ;
And my sweet babie will be born,
And he'll come hame that's far awa'.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

Tune—"Lass, an I come near thee."

Wha is that at my bower door ?
O wha is it but Findlay !
Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here—
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak' ye sae like a thief ?
O come and see, quo' Findlay ;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in—
Let me in, quo' Findlay :
Ye'll keep me waukin' wi' your din—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay—
Let me stay, quo' Findlay ;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain—
I'll remain, quo' Findlay :
I dread ye'll learn the gate again—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower—
Let it pass, quo' Findlay :
Ye maun conceal till your last hour—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE.

Tune—Jacobite air.

By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird.
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that sair bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moment my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve;
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy,
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
Though thou may gayly bloom a while;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

O SAW YE MY DEARIE.

Altered from the old song of Eppie Macnab, which had more wit than decency.]

Tune—"Eppie Macnab."

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

NAEBODY.

I HA'E a wife o' my ain,
I 'll partake wi' naebody;
I 'll tak' cuckold frae nane,
I 'll gi'e cuckold to naebody.

I ha'e a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody;
I ha'e naething to lend,
I 'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I 'll be slave to naebody;
I ha'e a guid braid sword,
I 'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I 'll be merry and free,
I 'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I 'll care for naebody.

CHLORIS.

Tune—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair:
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flow'ry glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

AE FOND KISS.

Tune—"Rory Dall's port."

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

Tune—"The Moudiewort."

An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam!

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my aunty, Tam:
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam:
But hear'st thou, laddie? there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!

An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam!

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

Tune—"The sweet lass that lo'es me."

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the biel'
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the claver hay,
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha would leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Tune—"Tibbie Fowler."

Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;
Willie was a wabster guid,
Could stown a clue wi' ony body:
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa, the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion:
Her walie nieves like midden creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

SONG OF DEATH.

Tune—A Gaelic air.

SCENE—*A field of battle; time of the day, evening—the wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following Song.*

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell, loves, and friendships, ye dear, tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou for the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not rest with the brave!

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

[This is an old Highland air, and the title means, "my love did deceive me." There is much feeling expressed in this song.]

Tune—"Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh."

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',
The pipers and youngsters were making their game;
Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him;
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I couldna get sleeping till dawnin' for greetin',
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain:
Had I na got greetin', my heart would ha'e broken,
For, oh! love forsaken 's a tormenting pain.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
Than ever ha'e acted sae faithless to him.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him,
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

Tune—"The Posie."

O LUVE will venture in where it daurna weel be seen,
O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the woods sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak' away;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear:
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remuve;
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

COUNTRY LASSIE.

Tune—"John, come kiss me now."

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn waved green in ilka field,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will.
Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild,
"O' guid advisement comes nae ill.—

"It's ye ha'e wooers mony a ane,
And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie but, a routhie ben:
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak' this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the luver's fire."

For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae well his craps and kye,
He has nae luve to spare for me:
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;
Ae blink o' him I wad nae gi'e
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

"O thoughtless lassie! life's a faught;
The canniest gate the strife is sair;
But aye fu'-han't is fechtin best,
A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve,
The gowd and siller canna buy:
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and luve bring peace and joy,
What mair ha'e queens upon a throne?

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

JOCKEY'S ta'en the parting kiss,
Owre the mountains he is gane,
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beatin' rain!
Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting owre the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
Owre the day's fair, gladsome ee,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be!

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

Tune—"Captain O'Kane."

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn:
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

THE BANKS O' DOON.

FIRST VERSION.

Tune—"Catharine Ogie."

Ye flowering banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree:
But my false luver stole my rose,
And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

FAIR ELIZA.

Tune—"The bonnie brucket Lassie."

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rew on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gi'es to me.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Tune—"Afton Water."

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

BONNIE BELL.

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old time and nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Tune—"The Weaver's March."

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flow'r, and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh! I had wooers eight or nine,
They gi'ed me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,
And I gi'ed it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher band,
To gi'e the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gi'e it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees rejoice in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gi'e ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

THE BAIRNS GAT OUT.

Tune—"The deuks dang o'er my daddie."

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
The fien'-ma-care, quo' the feirie auld wife,
He was but a paidlin' body, O!
He paidles out, an' he paidles in,
An' he paidles late an' early, O!
This seven lang years I ha'e lien by his side,
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!

O, haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
O, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!
I've seen the day, and sae ha'e ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O!
But downa-do's come o'er me now,
And, oh! I feel it sairly, O!

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE 's fair and fause that causes my smart.
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She 's broken her vow, she 's broken my heart.
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof came in with routh o' gear,
And I ha'e tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
A woman has 't by kind:
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form 's fa'n to thy share,
'Twad been owre meikle to 've gi'en thee mair
I mean an angel mind.

THE EXCISEMAN.

THE de'il cam' fiddling through the town,
And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman;
And ilka wife cried—Auld Mahoun,
We wish you luck o' the prize, man!

The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And monie thanks to the meikle black de'il
That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land
Was—the de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman.

The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries—"Alas!"
And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e:
"Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee.
Now wae to thee, thou cruel Duke!
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee."

A RED, RED ROSE.

Tune—"Wishaw's Favourite."

O, MY luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

POLLY STEWART.

Tune—"Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart.

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.

THE flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gi'e to Polly Stewart.

May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart!

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

Tune—"The Highland Watch's Farewell."

My heart is sair, I darena tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass;
And stowlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken-tree,
When trystin'-time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O, haith, she's doubly dear again!

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

WHEN JANUAR' WIND.

Tune—"The lass that made the bed to me."

When Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak' a bed to me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye soun'."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae the chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

"Haud aff your hands, young man," she says,
"And dinna sae uncivil be;
If ye ha'e onie love for me,
O wrang na my virginitie!"

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na what to say;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa'—
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rose,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But aye she blush'd and aye she sigh'd,
And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e;
I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall mak' the bed to me."

She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me:
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

O MAY, THY MORN.

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will ay remember;
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will ay remember.

And here's to them, that like oursel',
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them!
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum;
And here's to them, we darena tell
The dearest o' the quorum!

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

Tune—"I'll gang nae mair to yon town."

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year;
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinking sun's gaun down upon;
A fairer than 's in yon town,
His setting beams ne'er shone upon.

If angry Fate is sworn my foe,
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear!

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;
And she—as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

Tune—"My mother's aye glow'ring owre me."

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean:
Dyvor, beggar louns to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
Kings and nations swith awa',
Rief randies, I disown ye!

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

Tune—"Bonnie Mary."

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of heav'n.

TO THEE, LOVED NITH.

Tune—Unknown.

To thee, loved Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I ranged,
Tho' prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchanged.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear;
For there he roved that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear!

WAE IS MY HEART.

Wae is my heart, and the tear 's in my e'e ;
Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me :
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures ; and deep ha'e I loved ;
Love, thou hast sorrows ; and sair ha'e I proved :
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O if I were happy, where happy I ha'e been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle green ;
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Tune—"Wandering Willie."

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December !
Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care ;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair !
Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure ;
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour ;
But the dire feeling, *O farewell for ever*,
Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf of the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and my comfort is gone ;
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair !

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

Tune—Unknown.

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan s fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing,
To Cassillis' banks when e'ening fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance of love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The chield wha boast o' warld's walth
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' my ain—
Ah! fortune canna gi'e me mair.
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And ketch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

AMANG THE TREES.

Tune—"The King of France, he rade a race."

Amang the trees where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O;
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly O,
When there cam' a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O—

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and pike
Till we were wae and wearie, O;
But a royal ghaist wha once was cased
A prisoner aughteen year awa',
He fired a fiddler in the North
Then dang them tapsalteerie, O.

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of humankind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

THE WINSOME WEE THING.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And niest my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine

The warld's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

Tune—"Gregg's Pipes."

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her gentle limbs,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns;
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to make him blest.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Catharine Ogie."

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!—
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin' owre a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak' sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the evening amang the new hay;
As blithe and as arfless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it would burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might ha'e hoped she wad smiled upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Tune—"Banks of Banna."

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na';
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak' the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gi'e me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.

There I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and tak' with Anna!

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day,
Awa', thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night!
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports with my Anna!

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

Tune—"The Lea Rig."

When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and wearie, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If through that glen, I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
It mak's my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

MARY CAMPBELL

Tune—"Ewe-bughts, Marion."

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I ha'e sworn by the heavens to my Mary,
I ha'e sworn by the heavens to be true;
And sae may the heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We ha'e plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us
The hour, and the moment o' time!

O POORTITH CAULD.

Tune—"I had a horse."

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!

Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on fortune's shining?

OH! OPEN THE DOOR TO ME.

With Alterations.

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, O!
Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, O!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, O!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, O!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, O!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, O!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, O!
My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, O!—

WANDERING WILLIE.

Messrs Erskine and Thomson having suggested some changes in the following song, our Poet, with his usual judgment, adopted some of their alterations, and rejected others. The last edition is as follows:—

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

GALLA-WATER.

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla-water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla-water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I ha'e na meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla-water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

Tune—"Onagh's Water-fall."

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue:
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ancle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad mak a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form, and gracefu' air:
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declared that she could do nae mair.
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be!

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwin side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven, that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

MARY MORISON.

Tune—"Bide ye yet."

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his
Whase only fau't is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gi'e,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

MEG O' THE MILL.

Tune—"O bonnie lass, will you lie in a Barrack?"

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
The Laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;
She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving:
The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle—
But, gi'e me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

Tune—"The Mill Mill, O."

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' monie a sweet babe fatherless,
And monie a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander:
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting-thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've served my king and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like onie lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

JESSIE.

Tune—"Bonny Dundee."

True-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes his chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
Enthroned in her een he delivers his law,
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger,
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

FRAGMENT,

IN WITHERSPOON'S COLLECTION OF SCOTS SONGS.

Tune—"Hughie Graham."

"O GIN my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drop o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

"Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light."

* O were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

MISS LESLEY BAILLIE.

Tune—"Liggeram Cosh."

BLITHE ha'e I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now nae longer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,
Hopeless love declaring:
Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod
Soon maun be my dwelling.

* The two latter verses only are by Burns.

LOGAN WATER.

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride ;
And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs :
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And ev'ning's tears are tears of joy :
My soul delightless a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
As ye mak' monie a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return !
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie, hame to Logan braes !

BONNIE JEAN.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie:
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flow'rs,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride o' a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
O canst thou think to fancy me,
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee ;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
She had nae will to say him nae :
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

While larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare :
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share ;
While yon wild flow'rs among,
Chance led me there :
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare :
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

HAD I A CAVE, &c.

[An unfortunate circumstance which happened to his friend Cunningham, suggested this fine pathetic song to the Poet's fancy.]

Tune—"Robin Adair."

Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e ran about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine:
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine ;
And we'll tak' a right good-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine ;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

BY ALLAN STREAM.

Tune—"Allan Water."

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi ;
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready :
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony :
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
O dearly do I love thee, Annie !

O happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle mak' it eerie ;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie !
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"
While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
How cheery thro' her shortening day
Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow !
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure !

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare;
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis!
For she is simplicity's child.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily!
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare;
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

Tune—"Cauld Kail."

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
The warld's wealth and grandeur:
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never!

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

Tune—"Oran Gaoil."

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
Sever'd from thee can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail;
"E'en here I took the last farewell;
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me!

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

Tune—"Fee him, Father."

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—I maun see thee never,
I shall see thee never. [Jamie,

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love anither jo, while my heart is breaking.
Soon my weary een I'll close—never mair to waken, Jamie.
Never mair to waken.

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

Tune—"The Collier's Dochter."

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure—
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion—
They are but types of woman.

O! art thou not ashamed,
To dote upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
Good claret set before thee:
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

NANCY.

Tune—"The Quaker's Wife."

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish:
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure:
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

FAIR JENNY.

Tune—"Saw ye my Father?"

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danced to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer 's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known;
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Tune—"The Suter's Dochter."

Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie;
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
Or if thou wiltna be my ain,
Sayna thou'lt refuse me :
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me ;
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

BANNOCKBURN.

Tune—"Hey, tuttie, tattie."

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie !

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lour ;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward ! chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Caledonian ! on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
By our sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Forward ! let us do, or die !

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

Tune—"My jo Janet."

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, Sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, Sir.
"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so, good b'ye allegiance!
"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it!
"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

Well, Sir, from the silent dead
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you
"I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy."

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Tune—"O'er the Hills," &c.

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away:
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven, with prosp'rous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away:
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are aye with him that's far away.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Tune—"Deil tak' the Wars."

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky:
But when, in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart—
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

BUT LATELY SEEN.

Tune—"The Winter of Life."

But lately seen in gladsome green
The woods rejoice the day,
Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled,
On winter blasts awa'!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in time's wintry rage.
Oh, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again!

CA' THE YOWES.

Tune—"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part—
My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.

O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME,

O ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did bang me;
If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
Guid faith! she'll soon o'ergang ye.

On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was! I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
When a' thir days are done, man,
My pains o' hell on earth are past—
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.

O ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did bang me;
If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
Guid faith! she'll soon o'ergang ye.

TO MARY.

Tune—"Could aught of song."

Could aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
O Mary, how I love thee!
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising;
Beyond what fancy e'er refined
The voice of nature prizing.

HERE IS THE GLEN.

Tune—"Banks of Cree."

Here is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has told the hour—
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call,
'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,
Mix'd with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little, faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
O welcome, dear, to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

Tune—"The Maid's Complaint."

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I ha'e,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak' thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee;
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

LOVELY DAVIES.

Tune—"Miss Muir."

O how shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation,
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration?
Even they maun dare an effort mair,
Than aught they ever gave us,
Ere they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and ev'ry flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is;
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That mak's us mair than princes;
A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances.
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble pow'rs surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour.
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

SAE FAR AWA'.

Tune—"Dalkeith Maiden Bridge."

O, SAD and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa';
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa'.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this fair sae far awa',
Gi'e body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa':
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While oh! she is sae far awa'.
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but hers, sae far awa';
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than hers, the fair sae far awa'.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

Tune—"Duncan Gray."

LET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove:
Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.
Why then ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

CHLOE.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

Tune—"Dainty Davie."

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune—"Rothiemurchus' Rant."

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O?

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

Tune—"Nancy's to the Greenwood gane," &c.

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemned to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had saved me:
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing;
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

O, PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

Tune—"The Sow's Tail."

He—O PHILLY, happy be that day
When, roving through the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

She—O Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
While thou didst pledge the Powers above,
To be my ain dear Willy.

He—As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

She—As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

He—The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

She—The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

He—The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compared wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

She—The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is not sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

He—Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tine, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

She—What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e?
I care nae wealth a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

Tune—"Morag."

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking
But her by thee is slighted;
And thou art all delighted;

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Tune—"Lumps o' Pudding."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gi'e them a skelp, as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome Thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa,
A night o' guid fellowship southers it a';
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS.

Tune—"Roy's Wife."

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy;
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy.

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Tune—"There'll never be peace," &c.

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.

You're welcome to despots, Dumourier,
You're welcome to despots, Dumourier!
How does Dampierre do,
Ay, and Bournonville too,
Why did not they come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul I'll have a dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumourier!

HERE'S A HEALTH.

Tune—"The Bonnets o' blue."

HERE'S a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa!
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
And here's to them that's awa';
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Although that his band be sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success!
May prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa',
And here's to them that's awa';
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indict.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
And here's to them that's awa';
Here's Maitland and Wycombe, and wha does na like 'em,
We'll build in a hole o' the wa'.
Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
Here's fruit that's sound at the core!
May he that would turn the buff and blue coat,
Be turn'd to the back o' the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
And here's to them that's awa';
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,
And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed,
And wha would betray old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread.

CALEDONIA.

Tune—"Humours of Glen."

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

Tune—"Cordwainers' March."

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.
A slave to Love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best,
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

CALEDONIA.

Tune—"The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

THERE was once a day, but old Time then was young,
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledged her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew:
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore—
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her favourite resort;
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reigned; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand*:
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside:
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the North,
The scourge of the seas and the dread of the shore†;
The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore‡;
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell§.

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provoked beyond bearing at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life‖:

* The Romans. † The Saxons. ‡ The Danes.
§ The two famous battles in which the Danes or Norwegians were defeated.
‖ The Highlanders of the Isles.

The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguined the Tweed's silver flood;
But taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
Then ergo she'll match them, and match them always*.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

Tune—"Let me in this ae night."

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou wakin', I would wit?
For love has bound me, hand and fit,
And I would fain be in, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
Tak' pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae nigh t,
O rise and let me in, jo.

* This singular figure of poetry refers to the famous proposition of Pythagoras, the 47th of Euclid. In a right-angled triangle, the square of the hypothenuse is always equal to the squares of the two other sides.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
I winna let you in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That 's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed:
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

SAW YE MY PHELY.

(*Quasi dicat* Phillis.)

Tune—"When she cam ben she bobbit."

O SAW ye my dear, my Phely?
O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY.

Tune—"For a' that, and a' that."

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that!
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

Tune—"The hopeless Lover."

Now spring has clad the groves in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountain dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me pass'd,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast,
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reck'd I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is, "hope nae mair!"
What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

Tune—"Where'll bonnie Ann lie?" or "Loch-Eroch Side."

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay!
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

Tune—"John Anderson, my jo."

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice.
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impending ruin,
A while her pinions tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

CHLORIS.

Tune—"De'il tak' the wars.'

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compared with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day.
O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

Tune—"This is no my ain House."

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witchin' grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks;
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL

Tune—"Aye wakin', O."

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—"Push about the Jorum."

April, 1795.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided;
Till slap come in an unco loon
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursel's united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But de'il a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it,
By heaven! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damn'd together!
Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

Tune—"The Lothian Lassie."

Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men—
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me!

He spak' o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked, for Jean—
The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgi'e me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or cared,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess—
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie!

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
But heavens! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland Air.

THE tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow
I'd see my jo,
Beside me, ere the gloaming,
But he sae trig,
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did cheer me,
When I, what reck!
Did least expec'
To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me,
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me.
De'il tak' the war!
I late and air
Ha'e wish'd since Jock departed;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As short-syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en,
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blythe and merry,
I cared na by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest!
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny:
At kirk and fair,
I'se ay be there,
And be as canty's ony.

O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

Tune—"I wish my love was in a mire."

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow,
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world nor wish nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

AN UNFINISHED SKETCH.

THERE was a bonnie lass,
And a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear:
Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh and tear.

Over sea, over shore,
Where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear:
And nocht could him quell,
Or his bosom assail,
But the bonnie lass he lo'ed so dear.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

[This is altered from an old favourite song of the same name.]

Tune—"Coming through the rye."

Coming through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.
Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—
Coming through the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a' body ken?
Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

ALTHO' THOU MAUN NEVER BE MINE.

Tune—"Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney."

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Thou art as sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms:
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But, why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree?—Jessy!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Thou art as sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Tune—"Balinamona Ora."

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel stockit farms.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonny green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonny white yowes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possest;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie impress,
The langer ye ha'e them—the mair they're carest.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

'TWAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE EEN.

Tune—"Laddie, lie near me."

'Twas na her bonnie blue een was my ruin;
Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoing:
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me!
But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest,
And thou art the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

TO CHARLOTTE HAMILTON

[The Poet's last Song!]

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear!
O, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so?"

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O, let me share:
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"John Anderson my jo."

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root:
Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas;
A cushat crowded o'er me,
That echoed through the braes.

FRAGMENT.

CHLORIS.

Tune—"The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

WHY, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy!
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while fancy, raptured, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme;
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel!
Wake thy lover from his dream?

END OF THE SONGS AND BALLADS.

GLOSSARY.

[In the present edition the original Glossary has been carefully examined, and much augmented. In all the Poems and Songs, where the Scotch words vary, in orthography or pronunciation, from English ones merely by literal elision (such as *an'* for *and*, *ha'e* for *have*, *singin'* for *singing*, &c.), apostrophes have been uniformly inserted, to indicate the place of dropped letters; by which means the English admirers of our Poet will the more readily understand his verses. Such words, therefore, have been retrenched altogether from the glossary; and those purely Scotch only (or, being English, having Scotch meanings) will be found below.—Ed.]

"The *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo* is commonly spelt *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo* or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*."—Burns.

Aback, away, aloof
Abeigh, at a shy distance
Aboon, above, up, over
Abread, abroad, in sight
Abreed, in breadth
Adle, caudle; a cordial
Ae, one
Aff, off; aff-loof, off-hand, unpremeditated
Afore, before
Aft, oft
Aften, often
Agley, awry, wrong
Aiblins, perhaps
Aik, an oak
Ailsa Craig (crag), a high insulated rock in the Frith of Clyde
Ain, own
Air, ear', early, soon
Airles, airl-penny, earnest-money; lure, bait
Airn, iron
Airt, quarter of the heavens; to direct
Aith, an oath
Aits, oats
Aiver, an old horse
Aizle, a hot cinder
Ajee, ajar; on one side
Alake, alas!
Aiane, alone
Akwart, awkward
Amaist, 'maist, almost
Ance, once
Ane, one, an
Anent, concerning; forenanent, over-against
Anither, another
Ase, ashes
Aspar, astride
Asteer, abroad, stirring
Atween, between
Aught, possession; as, *in a' my aught*, in all my stock; whase aught thae chiels? of what kind (or family) are these men?
Auld, old; auld warl', antediluvian, out-of-date; auld-used, experienced
Auldfarran, or auldfarraut, quaint, cunning, prudent; precocious in mind
Aumis, alms; aumis-dish, charity plate or box
Ava, at all
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c; awnie, bearded
Ayont, beyond

Ba', ball
Backets, ash-boards
Backlins comin', coming back, returning
Bad, did bid
Baide, endured, did stay
Baggie, the belly
Bailie, borough magistrate, alderman
Bairn, a child
Bairn-time, a family of children; a brood
Baith, both
Ban, to swear, to curse
Band, bond; bands, bondage
Bane, bone; bany, bony
Bang, to beat, to strive
Bannocks, flat, soft cakes
Bardie, diminutive of bard, Sir Bardie, our poet
Bare't, barefooted
Barm, yeast
Barmie, yeasty
Barth, a crew, a gang
Batts, botts
Baudrons, a cat
Bauld, bold
Bawbee, a halfpenny
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face

Bawk, a ridge, a bank
Bawty, general name of a dog
Be, to let be, to give over
Bear, big, barley
Beast, full-grown animal
Beastie, dimin. of beast
Beet, to add fuel to fire
Beld, bald
Bell, flower; in the bell, in blossom
Belyve, by and by
Ben, in; into the room; "a routhie *but* a routhie *ben*," comfortable house; benmost, inmost
Bethankit, grace after meat
Beuk, a book
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish; a short race
Biel, or bield, shelter
Bien, wealthy, plentiful, comfortable
Big, bigg, to build
Biggin', building, a house
Biggit, built
Bill, a bull
Billie, a brother; a young fellow, a companion
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Birk, birch-tree
Birkie, lively young fellow
Birring, noise of partridges, &c. when they spring
Bit, crisis, nick of time
Bizz, a bustle; to buzz
Bizzie, busy
Blae, blue; livid
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt
Blastit, blasted; degenerate
Blate, bashful, sheepish
Blather or blether, bladder
Blaud, a good piece of anything; to slap
Blaw, to blow; to boast
Bleerit, bleared
Bleezing, blazing
Blellum, idle talking fellow
Blether, talk idly, nonsense
Bleth'rin, talking idly
Blink, a gleam; a little while; a smiling look; to look kindly; shine by fits
Blinker, a term of contempt
Blinkin', smirking
Bloom, blossom; blooming, blossoming
Blue-gown, authorised beggar, such as *Edie Ochiltree*
Bluid, blude, blood
Bluntie, one abashed
Blype, a shred, a strip
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently
Bocked, gushed, vomited
Bodle, a small copper coin
Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins
Bole, recess or hole in a wall
Bonnie, or bonny, handsome, beautiful
Boord, a board
Boortree, the shrub elder
Boost, behoved, must needs
Bore, hole in a wall, or vice

Botch, an angry tumour
Bousing drinking
Bow-kail, cabbage
Bowt, bended, crooked
Brackens, fern
Brae, a hillock, a declivity
Braid, broad; braid Scotch or Scots, plain language
Braik, a kind of harrow
Brainge, to run rashly
Braindg't, reeled forward
Brak', broke, made insolvent
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses
Brash, a sudden illness
Brats, clothes; aprons, &c.
Brattle, a short race, hurry
Braw, fine, handsome
Brawly, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily
Braxie, a morbid sheep
Breastie, dimin of breast
Breastit, did spring forth
Brechan, breckans, fern
Bree, liquor; barley-bree, ale, whiskey
Breef, an irresistible spell
Breeks, breeches
Brent, smooth; brent new, quite new; brent brow, high smooth forehead
Brie, brow; e'e-brie, eyebrow
Brig, a bridge
Brisket, the breast
Brither, a brother
Brock, a badger
Brogue, a trick
Broo, broth, liquid, water
Broose, a race at weddings
Brose, stirabout; water-brose, oatmeal gruel
Browst, brewing; browster-wife, tavern landlady
Brugh, burgh, a borough
Bruilzie, a broil
Brunstane, brimstone
Brunt, did burn, burnt
Brust, to burst, burst
Buckie, spirited lad
Buckskins, Yankies
Buff, a blow; buff our beef, beat one soundly
Bught, a pen
Bughtin'-time, time of collecting ewes to be milked
Buirdly, stout-made
Bum, hum as a bee; exult
Bum-clock, a humming beetle
Bumming, humming as of bees
Bumnle, to blunder
Bummler, a blunderer
Bunker, a window-seat
Burdies, dimin. of birds
Bure, did bear; bure the gree, bore the bell
Burn, water; a brook, a rivulet
Burnie, diminutive of burn
Busk, to put on dress; buskit, dressed
Buskie, bushy
Buss, a bush
But, without

But an' ben, kitchen and parlour; two rooms
Butching, killing
By himself, crazy, lunatic
Bye attour, besides that
Byke, a bee-hive, a swarm
Byre, a cow-house

Ca', to call, to name, to drive
Ca't, or ca'd, called, driven; calved
Cadger, costermonger
Cadie (cadet), younger son, lackland; menial
Caff, chaff
Caird, a tinker; gipsy man
Cairn, a heap of stones serving as a rude kind of monument; also a pinnacle
Calf-ward, small enclosure for calves
Callan, callant, a boy
Caller, fresh, sound
Callet, camp trull
Canny, or cannie, gentle, careful; softly; quietly
Cant, chant, song
Cantie, or canty, cheerful
Cantrip, a charm, a spell
Cap-stane, top-stone
Care na by, it irks me not
Careerin', moving cheerily
Carkin', fretting, gnawing, corroding
Carl-hemp, male stalk
Carle, carlie, an old man
Carline, a stout old woman
Cartes, cards
Cast out, fall out, quarrel
Caudron, a cauldron
Cauk and keel, chalk and red or black lead-pencil
Cauld, caul', cold
Caup, a wooden drinking vessel; a cup
Caution, legal bail; be caution, become responsible
Cavie, a coop; chicken-cavie, hen-roost
Chanter, part of a bagpipe
Chap, a man, fellow
Chapman billies, pedlars, petty traders (not buyers)
Chaup, a stroke, a blow
Cheekit, cheeked
Cheep, chirping, to chirp
Chiel, chield, a young fellow
Chimla or chimlie, chimney a fire-grate, a fire-place
Chimla-lug, the fire-side
Chittering, chattering; shivering, trembling
Chow, to chew; cheek-for-chow, side by side
Chuffie, fat-faced
Clachan, a country town, or village having a church
Claise, or claes, clothes
Claith, cloth
Claithing, clothing
Claivers, clavers, nonsense
Clamb, did climb
Clap, clapper of a mill
Clarkit, kept accounts
Clarty or clatty, dirty, filthy
Clash, an idle tale, story of the day; to scandalize

Clatter, idle stories
Claught, snatched at
Claut, a handful, a quantity; also to clean, to scrape
Clauted, scraped
Cleed, to clothe
Cleekit, hooked on; having caught
Clinkin', jerking, squatting
Clinkumbell, bell-ringer; clinkum, beadle
Clips, wool-shears
Clishmaclaver, idle talk
Clock, to cluck, to hatch; a beetle
Clockin', clucking, hatching; clockin-time, brooding time
Cloot, hoof
Clootie, Cloots, the devil
Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow
Clud, a cloud
Coble, a fishing-boat
Cockernony, lock of hair tied on a girl's head; a cap
Cod, a pillow
Coft, bought
Cog, a wooden dish; sieve
Coggie, diminutive of cog
Coila, from *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire
Collie, a name for country curs
Collieshangie, a dog-fight; fierce quarrel
Commaun, command
Convener, principal craftsman in a Scotch guild
Cood, the cud
Coof, a blockhead, dullard
Cooser, a stallion
Coost, did cast, cast off
Coot, the ancle or foot
Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish; fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are also said to be cootie
Corbies, ravens
Corn, oats; corn't, oat-fed
Cotter, inhabitant of a cot
Couthie, kind, loving; kindly, lovingly
Cove, a cave
Cow, to diminish
Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright; a branch of furze, &c.
Cowp, to barter, to tumble over; cowp the cran, completely overturn; a gang
Cowpit, tumbled
Cowte, a colt
Cozie, snug; cozilie, snugly
Crabbit, fretful
Crack, conversation, to converse
Craft, or croft, a grass field
Craig, crag; throat
Craigie, craggy
Craiks, cries or calls incessantly; landrails
Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggrel
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel; bad verse
Crankous, fretful, captious
Cranreuch, hoar-frost
Crap, a crop; to crop
Craw, crow of a cock; a crow, a rook
Crazed, worn out
Creel, a large basket; my head (or senses) is in a creel—I am stupified, or under a delusion
Creepie-chair, stool of repentance
Creeshie, greasy
Croon, a continued moan
Crooning, humming
Crouchie, crooked-backed
Crouse, cheerful, courageous, boastful
Crowdie, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
Crowdie-time, breakfast-time
Crowlin', crawling
Crump, crisp
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns
Cuif, coof, a blockhead
Cummock, a short staff
Curch, a woman's cap
Curchie, a curtsey
Curler, a player at a game on the ice called curling
Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise
Curpin, the crupper
Curple, the rear
Cushat, the stock-dove, or wood-pigeon
Cutty, short; a spoon; cutty stool, stool of repentance

Daffin, merriment, foolery
Daez't, stupified, deprived of vigour or sensibility
Daft, merry, giddy, foolish
Daimen, rare, now and then; daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then
Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable
Damies, dames, ladies
Dam (to dine), pass urine
Dandered, wandered
Dang, knocked, vanquished
Danton, to daunt
Darklins, without light
Darg, a day's labour
Daud, to thrash; to abuse
Daunton, to frighten; dauntonly, fearlessly
Daur, to dare
Daut, to caress
Davoc, dimin. of David
Dawd, or daud, a large piece
Daw', dawn; dawin, dawning
Dawtit, or dautit, caressed
Dead (be my), be my death
Dearthfu', dear, expensive
Deave, to deafen
Deil's picture-beuks, playing cards
De'il-ma-care! no matter!
Deleerit, delirious
Den, a dingle
Descrive, to describe
Deuks, ducks
Devel, stunning blow
Din, dun, dark, swarthy
Dight, to wipe; to clean corn from chaff
Dine, sundown; sunset
Ding, to outdo, exceed; to worst, to push
Dink, ladylike
Dinna, do not
Dirl, a stroke or pain; tremulous concussion
Dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen
Dochter, daughter
Doited, stupid; senile
Dolt, stupified, crazed
Donsie, unlucky; affectedly neat; of vicious temper
Dool, sorrow, mourning
Doos, doves, pigeons
Dorty, saucy, nice
Douce, or douse, sober, wise, prudent
Dought, was or were able
Doup, backside
Doure, stout, durable; sullen, stubborn
Dow, am or are able, can
Downa, unable; downa-do, impotent
Dowff, wanting force
Dowie, pensive, melancholy; worn with grief, fatigue, &c.; half asleep
Doytit, stupid; doytin, loitering, stumbling
Draiglet, bedraggled
Drap, a drop; draps, lead drops, small shot; to drop
Draunting, drawling
Dree, bear, suffer
Dreep, to ooze, to drip
Dribble, drizzling; shaver
Driddle, awkward motion
Driegh, or dreigh, slow, plodding; of steep ascent
Drift, a drove; heap of snow
Droddum, the breech
Drone, part of a bagpipe
Droop-rumpl't, thin flank'd
Dronkit, wet
Drouth, thirst, drought
Druken, drunk, drunken
Drumly, muddy; turbid
Drummock, meal and water mixed raw
Drunt, pet, sour humour
Dub, a small pond; a puddle
Duds, rags, clothes
Duddie, ragged
Dung, overcome; pushed
Dunt, a blow; dunted, beaten, boxed; throbbed, as the pulse
Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
Dyke, inclosure wall
Dyvor, bankrupt; infamous person

Earn, an eagle
E'e, eye; een (eyne), eyes
Eebree, or eebrie, eyebrow
E'en, even
Eerie, frighted, dreading spirits; melancholy
Eild, old age
Elbuck, the elbow

Elder, kind of church warden and parish overseer in the Kirk of Scotland; of whom some are appointed (called "ruling elders") to deliberate and vote in church judicatories
Eldritch, elvish; ghastly
Enbrugh, Edinburgh
Enerv'd, enervated
Eneuch, or eneugh, enough
Ettle, to try, attempt
Evendown, downright
Evermair, evermore
Eydent, diligent

Fa, fate; attempt
Fa', fall; lot; to fall; befal; fa'n, fallen
Fa's, does fall; water-falls
Faddom't, fathomed
Fae, a foe
Faem, foam
Faiket, forgiven, or excused
Fain, glad; fainness, rapture
Fair-strae, chance-medley
Fallow, fellow
Fand, found, did find
Farl, a cake of bread
Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, care for
Fasht, troubled
Fatt'rills, plaits, overlaps
Fastern-e'en, eve of Shrove Tuesday
Faught, fight
Fauld, a fold, to fold
Faulding, folding
Faut, fault; fautor, culprit
Fawsont, decent, seemly
Feal, loyal, steadfast
Fear't, affrighted
Feat, neat, spruce, clever
Fecht, to fight
Fech't, strained
Feck, the most; many
Fecket, waistcoat
Feckfu', large, stout
Feckless, puny, weak
Feckly, mostly
Fee, to hire; penny-fee, wages
Feg, fig; fegs! faith
Feide, feud, enmity
Feirie, bustling, active
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a level field on the side or top of a hill
Felly, relentless
Fend, to keep off; to make shift; to live comfortably
Ferlie, or ferly, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt
Fetch, to pull by fits; fetch't, pulled intermittently
Fey, strange; doomed
Fidge, to fidget; fidgin' fain, very desirous of; fidge fu' fain, to be joyous
Fiel, soft, smooth
Fient, fiend, deuce; a petty oath
Fier, sound, healthy

Fier, a brother, a friend
Fissle, to make a rustling-noise, to fidget; a bustle
Fit, a foot
Fittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough
Fizz, make a hissing noise
Flae, a flea
Flannen, flanne)
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner
Fleechin, fawning
Fleesh, a fleece
Fleg, a random blow
Flether, to decoy by fair words
Flewit, a smart blow
Fley, to scare, to frighten
Flichter, to flutter as young nestlings, when their dam approaches
Flie, flee, fly: *pr. as* flea
Flinders, shreds, splinters
Flingin'-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail
Flisk, to fret at the yoke
Fliskit, fretted
Flit, to remove household goods; change residence
Flitter, to flutter
Flunkie, a servant in livery
Flyte, scold
Fog, dry moss; foggage, stray vegetable materials used by birds, &c. in constructing nests.
Foord, a ford
Forbears, forefathers
Forbye, besides
Forfairn, worn out, jaded
Forfoughten, fatigued
Forgather, to meet with
Forgi'e, to forgive
Forjesket, fatigued
Forrit, forward
Fother, fodder
Fou, tipsy, drunk
Foughten, irked, harassed
Foul-thief, the arch-fiend
Fourmart, weasel
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough
Fow, a bushel, &c.; also a pitch-fork
Frae, from
Freath, froth
Fu', full
Fud, scut of the hare, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently
Fuff't, did blow
Fur, a furrow
Fur-ahin, plough horse
Furder, further; succeed
Furm, a form, bench
Fusionless, or fizzenless, tasteless; feeble; useless
Fyke, fidget, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles
Fyle, to soil, to dirty
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied

Gab, the mouth; to speak boldly, or pertly

Gaberlunzie, a wallet; gaberlunzie-man, one who bears a wallet, a beggar
Gadsman, ploughboy; the boy that drives the horses in the plough
Gae, to go; gaed, went; gane, gone; gaun, going
Gaet, or gate, way, manner, road
Gairs, showy ornaments; gown with gairs, dress of brocade
Gang, to go, to walk
Gangrel, tramper
Gar, to make, to force to
Gar't, forced to
Garten, a garter
Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative
Gashin', conversing
Gat, got
Gaunt, a yawn; gaunted, yawned
Gawcey, gaucy, jolly, plump
Gawky, half-witted, foolish, romping
Gear, riches of any kind
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn
Ged, a pike
Gentles, great folks
Genty, slim, elegant
Geordie, a guinea
Get, a child; brat
Ghaist, a ghost
Gi'e, to give; gied, gave; gi'en, given
Gif, if
Giglets, mocking children
Gillie, dimin. of gill
Gilpey, a half-grown, half-informed, boy or girl; a romping lad, a hoyden
Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old
Gin, if; before; against
Gipsy, a young girl
Girdin', girthing a horse
Girdle, griddle; also girder, or rafter
Girning, grinning; crying with contortions of visage
Girr, a hoop
Gizz, a periwig
Glaiket, inattentive, foolish
Glaizie, glittering, smooth, like glass
Glamour, witchery; also an enchanted atmosphere in which objects are seen in a false light
Glaum'd, grasped, snatched
Gled, a hawk
Gleg, sharp, ready
Gleib, glieb, glebe; portion of land; ground attached to a manse or parsonage
Gley, a squint, to squint; a-gley, off at a side, awry
Glib-gabbet, that speaks smoothly and readily
Glint, to peep; pass quickly
Gloamin, the twilight; gloamin-shot, interval of evening recreation
Glowr, to stare, to look

Goavan, walking aimlessly
Gor-cocks, red game
Gowan, the flower of the wild daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
Gowany, flowery; gowany glens, daisied vales
Gowd, gold
Gowdie (heels-o'er), topsy-turvy; presto!
Gowdspink, goldfinch
Gowff, the game of golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf; a fool
Gowff'd, struck
Gowk, the cuckoo; a term of contempt
Gowl, to howl
Grane, or grain, a groan, to groan; grain'd; grinned; groaned
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, horse gear
Grape, to grope; grapit, or graipit, groped
Grat, wept, shed tears
Great, intimate, familiar
Gree, to agree; to bear the gree, to be the victor
Gree't, agreed
Greet, to shed tears
Greetin', crying, weeping
Grewsome, grusome, loathsome, grim
Grippet, catched, seized
Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game
Grozet, groset, gooseberry
Grumph, a grunt; to grunt
Grumphie, a sow
Grun', ground
Grunstane, a grindstone
Gruntle, the phiz, snout; grunting noise
Grunzie, mouth like a pig's
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth
Gude, the Supreme Being
Guid, gude, good
Guidman and Guidwife, the master and mistress of a house; young guidman, man newly married
Gully, or gullie, a large pocket-knife
Gulravage, joyous mischief
Guidfather, guidmother, father-in-law, and mother-in-law
Gumlie, muddy
Gusty, tasteful
Gutcher, grandfather

Ha', hall
Hae, here! take this
Haen, had, the participle of ha'e, to have
Haet, fient haet, a petty oath of negation; nothing
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head
Haffins, nearly half, partly, almost; not fully grown
Hain, to spare, to save
Hag, hagg, a scar, or gulf in mosses and moors
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep
Hairst, harvest
Haith! a petty oath
Haivers, havers, nonsense
Ha', hal', or hald, an abiding place; ha'-bible, family bible
Hale, or haill, entire, whole; tight; healthy
Haly, holy
Hallan, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or, more properly, a seat of turf at the outside
Hallowe'en, Allhallows-eve, the 31st of October
Hame, home
Hamely, homely, affable
Hammered, clattered
Han', or haun', hand; han'-breed, hand's-breadth; fu'-han't, full-handed
Hanks, skeins of thread, &c.
Hansel', luck-money, a present; hansel'-throne, one newly arrived at
Handsome, well-shaped in body—*not* pretty in face
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c.; to wrap, to cover
Happer, a hopper
Happing, hopping
Hap-step-an'-loup, hop skip and leap
Harkit, hearkened
Harn, very coarse linen, huckaback
Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety
Hastit, hastened
Haud, to hold
Hauf, half; hauf-lang, stunted
Haughs, low lying rich lands; valleys
Haurl, or harl, to drag, to strip, to peel
Haurlin, dragging; peeling
Haverel, a half-witted person; half-witted
Havins, acquirements; decorous manners; good sense
Hawkie, familiar name for a cow; properly one with a white face
Healsome, or hailsome, wholesome, healthful
Heapit, heaped
Hearse, hoarse
Heather, heath
Hech! oh! strange!
Hecht, promised, to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; thing foretold; offered
Heckle, flax-dresser's comb
Heeze, to elevate
Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks of sheep or droves of cattle
Heft, haft, handle
Herry, to plunder; properly to plunder birds' nests
Herryment, plundering; devastation
Het, hot
Heugh, a crag, or precipice; coal-pit; furnace
Hie, high
Hilch, a hobble; to halt
Highland gill, half-a-pint
Hiltie-skiltie, in rapid succession
Hind, farmer's labourer
Hiney, honey
Hing, to hang
Hirple, to walk crazily or lamely, to creep
Histie, dry, chapt, barren
Hitcht (a loop), cast a knot
Hizzie, or hizzy, hussy; a young girl
Hoast, a cough; hoastin', coughing
Hoddin, jolting, motion; humble; hoddin-gray, coarse woollen stuff
Hoggie, two year old sheep
Hog-shouther (to), selfishly justling with the shoulder; to justle recklessly
Hool, outer skin or case, husk or shell; heart's-hool, pericardium
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely
Hoolie! take time
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard
Hoordit, hoarded
Horn, a spoon made of horn
Hornie, the devil
Hotch, to shake the sides with joy or laughter
Houghmagandie, trivial name of fornication
Houp, hope
Housie, dimin. of house
Hove, to heave, to swell
Howdie, a midwife
Howe, hollow *adj.*, a hollow
Howe-back, sunken back
Howff, a house of resort
Howk, to dig; howkit, dug
Howlet, an owl
Hoy, to urge; hoy't, urged
Hoyse, a pull upwards
Hoyte, to amble crazily
Hughoe, dimin. of Hugh
Hums and hankers, fumbles
Hunkers, the hams, the hinder part of the thigh
Hurcheon, a hedgehog
Hurdies, the loins; the crupper
Hushion, a cushion; also a footless stocking

Ickker, an ear of corn
Ier-oe, a great-grandchild
Ilk, or ilka, each, every
Ill, unkind
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly
Ingine, genius, ingenuity
Ingle, fire, fire-place; ingle cheek, chimney-corner
Ise, I shall or will
Ither, other, one another

Jad, or jaud, jade; also a giddy young girl
Jag, a puncture; to prick
Jauk, to dally, to trifle
Jaup, a splash, a jerk of water; jumlie jaups, disturbed fluids
Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out as water
Jee, ajee, ajar; wrong bias
Jillet, a jilt; a giddy girl
Jimp, to jump; siender, handsome; scanty
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning
Jinker, that turns quickly; a sprightly girl; a wag
Jirk, jirt, a jerk
Jocteleg, a clasp-knife
Jo, joe (joy), a lover
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head; to conceal
Jow, to jow, the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell
Jundie, to drive against

Kae, a daw
Kail, kale, colewort; broth
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort
Kain, kane, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer
Kebars, rafters
Kebbuck, a cheese
Keckle, cackle; laugh
Keek, a peep; to peep; to spy
Kelpies, mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night
Ken, to know; ken't, known
Kennin, a small matter
Kenspeckle, easily known
Ket, fleece
Killy, dim. of Kilmarnock
Kilt, to truss up the clothes
Kimmer, cummer, a girl, a gossip; common woman
Kin, kindred; kin', kind
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of the ox
Kintra, kintrie, country
Kintra-cooser, a stallion
Kirk, church, chapel
Kirn, the harvest supper; a churn
Kirsen, to christen
Kist, a chest
Kitchen, seasoning, savoury accompaniment
Kith, kindred
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish; slippery, coquettish
Kitten, a young cat
Knaggy, knotty, showing the bones
Knappin'-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones
Knowe, a round hillock
Knurl, dwarf
Knurled, gnarled, knotty
Kuittle, to cuddle
Kurtchie, a curtsey
Kye, cows; buckskin-kye, buffaloes
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire
Kyte, the belly
Kythe, to discover, to show one's self

Labour, thrash, beat; try
Lade, a load
Laddie, lad, boy
Lads, lovers
Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish
Laigh, low
Lair (last), burial-place
Laird, landlord; chieftain, lord of the manor
Lairing, sinking in snow, &c.
Laith, loath
Laithfu', bashful, reserved
Lallans, Lowlands; Scottish dialect
Lambie, dimin. of lamb
Lampit, limpet, a kind of shell-fish
Lan', land, estate; lan'-afore, foremost plough-horse; lan'-ahin', the hindmost one
Lane, lone; my lane, thy lane, myself, &c. alone
Lanely, lonely
Lang, long, to weary
Lap, did leap
Lave, the rest, remainder
Laverock, the lark; laverock-height, high as the clouds
Law, a hill
Lawin', reckoning
Lawlan', lowland
Lay, or ley, lea; pasture ground, unploughed
Leal, loyal, true
Lea-rig, grassy ridge
Lear, or lair, learning
Leddy, lady
Lee, a lie
Lee-lang, live-long
Leesome, pleasant
Leeze-me, a phrase of endearment, I am happy or proud of thee
Leister, 3 pronged fish-dart
Leugh, did laugh
Leuk, a look; to look
Libbet, gelded
Lick, a blow; licket, licked; beaten
Lidin, lying
Lift, sky, firmament
Lightly, to undervalue; sneeringly
Lilt, ballad, a tune; to sing
Limmer, a kept-mistress, a strumpet
Link, to trip along; fall to
Linn, a waterfall, precipice
Lint, flax; lint i' the bell, flax in flower
Lintwhite, linnet; flaxen
Lippened, trusted to
Loan, or loaning, the place of milking; country lane
Loch, lake; inlet of the sea
Loof, the palm of the hand
Loot, did let; let fly
Looves, plural of loof
Loon, a fellow, a ragamuffin; woman of easy virtue
Loup, jump, leap
Lowe, a flame; lowan, blazing
Lowrie, Lawrence
Lowse, to loose
Lucky, Mother such a one
Lug, the ear, a handle
Lugget, having a handle
Luggie, small hooped wooden dish with a handle
Lum, the chimney
Lunardi, a kind of high-crowned lady's bonnet, so termed in honour of the Italian aeronaut of that name
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke
Luve, love; luver, lover
Lyart, silvery, light-coloured; grey; sere

Mae, mair, more
Maist, most; 'maist, almost
Maistly, mostly
Mailen, farm; estate
Mallie, Molly, Mary
'Mang, among
Manse, the parish minister's house
Manteele, a mantle
Mark, marks. (This and several other nouns which in English require an *s*, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.)
Marled, party-coloured
Mar's year, the year 1715
Mashlum, mixed corn
Mask, to mash; to infuse
Maskin-pot, a tea-pot
Masons, free-masons
Maukin, a hare [not
Maun, must; maunna, may
Maut, malt; groanin'maut, liquor provided for a lying-in or christening
Mavis, the thrush
Maw, mow; mawn, mown
Mazzer, a mace
Meikle, or Mickle, much
Melancholious, mournful
Melder, corn or grain sent to be ground
Mell, to meddle, associate with; also a mallet
Melvie, to soil with meal
Men', to mend, amend
Mense, good manners
Menseless, ill-bred, rude
Merle, a blackbird
Messin, a small dog
Mess John, a clergyman, the parish priest
Midden, a dunghill
Midden-creels, dungbaskets
Midden-hole, gutter at the bottom of a dung-hill
Mim, prim, affectedly meek
Min', mind, resemblance
Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending; remember it. (To mind, in the Scotch dialect, generally means, to recollect.)

Minnie, mother, dam
Mirk, murky, murkiness; dark, darkness
Misca', to abuse, call names
Mischanter, evil; cross accident
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly; led astray
Mise, a kept-woman
Misteuk, mistook
Mither, mother
Mixtie-maxtie, jumbled
Moil, labour
Moistify, to moisten
Mony, or Monie, many
Mool, mould, earth; raked in the mools, buried
Moop, to nibble as a sheep
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors
Morn, next day, to-morrow
Motty, full of motes
Mou', the mouth
Moudiewort, a mole
Mousie, dimin. of mouse
Muckle, great, big, much
Muir, a moor
Muses'-stank, Helicon
Musie, dimin. of muse
Muslin-kail, thin and poor vegetable broth
Mutchkin, liquid measure of nearly an English pint
Mystic-knot, conclave of gossips

NA, no, not, nor; nae, no, not any; naething, naithing, nothing
Naig, a horse, a nag
Nane, none
Nappy, ale
Near-hand, nearly
Neebor, neighbour
Negleckit, neglected
Neuk, nook, corner
Nick, to cut
Nicket, cut off
Niest, or neist, next
Nieve, the fist
Niffer, an exchange
Nines (paint to the), depict to the life
Nit, a nut
Nocht, nothing
Nowte, black cattle

OCHILS, name of mountains
O haith! O faith! an oath
Oe, grandchild; ier-oe, great-grandchild
O'erword, phrase or sentiment continually recurring
Ony, or Onie, any
Or, is often used for ere, before
Ora, or orra, superfluous; orra things, stray articles
Oughlins, in least degree
Ourie, shivering, drooping
Outlers, outliers, cattle not housed
Out-ower, over, across
Ower, owre, over, upon, too
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm
Owsen, oxen

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool
Paidlt, waded, splashed about; crawling walk
Painch, paunch
Paitrick, a partridge
Pang, to cram
Parle, speech
Parritch, oatmeal pudding
Pat, did put; a pot
Pattle, or pettle, a plough-scraper
Paughty, proud, haughty
Pawky, pauky, or pawkie, cunning, sly
Pay't, paid, beat; pay their skin, beat them
Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma
Pechan, the stomach
Pet, a domesticated sheep
Pettle, to cherish
Philibeg, the kilt
Phraise, fair speeches, to flatter; phraisin, flattery
Pibroch, Celtic war-song adapted to the bag-pipe
Pickle, a small quantity
Pigmy-scraper, bad fiddler
Piles, grains, particles
Pin, a wooden skewer
Pine, pain, uneasiness
Pint (Scots), nearly two English quarts
Pit, to put
Placad, public call
Plack, an old Scottish coin, of small value
Plackless, pennyless
Plaid, plaidie, an outer loose garment
Platie, dimin. of plate
Plea, quarrel, lawsuit, plot
Plew, or pleugh, a plough
Pliskie, a trick
Pliver, a plover
Plot, offence, trick
Pock, a bag, a small sack
Poind, to seize on cattle; take goods in execution
Poortith, poverty
Posie, a nosegay, a garland
Pouk, to pluck at
Pouase, pouse, to push, to penetrate
Poussie, a hare; a cat
Pout, powt, a poult, a chick
Pow, the head, the skull
Pownie, pony, a little horse
Powther, pouther, powder; pouthery, powdery
Preen, a pin
Prent, print; printing
Prie, to taste; prie't, tasted
Prief, proof
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute; priggin, haggling
Primsie, demure, precise
Propone, to lay down, to propose
Provoses, provosts, chief magistrates of boroughs
Pu', to pull; pu't, did pull
Puir, poor
Pund, pound
Pyet, magpie
Pyke, pick
Pyle, a single grain

QUAK, quake; cry of a duck
Quat, to quit; quitted
Quey, a cow from one to two years old
Quo, quoth, said

RAGWEED, herb ragwort
Raible, to rattle nonsense
Rair, to roar; to lament
Raize, to madden, inflame
Ram-feezl'd, overpowered, fatigued
Ram-stam, headlong, forward, thoughtless
Randy, a scold, a jade; brutal fellow; — randie gangrels, sturdy trampers
Rantin', ranting; romping, frolicking
Rape, a rope
Raploch, properly a coarse cloth, but used as an adnoun for coarse
Rase, raise, did rise
Rash, a rush; rash-buss, a tuft of rushes
Ratton, a rat
Raucle, stout, fearless
Raught, reached
Raw, a row
Rax, to stretch; puff out
Ream, cream; to cream, to foam
Reamin, brimful, frothing
Reave, take by force
Reck, to heed
Red, to warn
Red-peats, burning turf
Rede, counsel, to counsel
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops
Red-wud, stark mad
Ree, half drunk, fuddled
Reek, smoke; reekit, smoky
Reestit, stood restive; also stunted, withered; smoke dried
Remead, remedy
Rest, to stand restive
Restricked, restricted
Rew, relent, repent
Riddle, a sieve
Rief, reef, plunder; plenty
Rief randies, sturdy beggars; ruffians
Rickles, shocks of grain
Rig, a ridge; hain'd-rig, reserved grassy corner
Riggin, roof, rafters
Rigwoodie, long, gaunt
Rin, to run, to melt
Rink, the course of the stones in curling on ice
Rip, ripp, a handful of unthreshed corn
Ripple, a blow
Riskit, a wrenching noise
Rive, to tear, pluck
Rock, or roke, distaff

Rockin, spinning on the distaff; also a friendly meeting, for work and pleasure combined
Roose, to praise
Roun', round
Roupet, hoarse from thirst, or a cold
Routhie, plentiful
Rowe, row; to roll, to wrap
Rowt, to low, to bellow
Rowth, or routh, plenty
Rozet, rosin
Rung, a cudgel
Runkled, wrinkled
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage
Ruth, sorrow
Ryke, reach

Sabbin, sobbing; also commingling
Sae, so
Saft, soft
Sair, ser'e, to serve; sair, a sore; unlucky; sair-won, hard-earned
Sairly, or sairlie, sorely
Sair't, served
Sall, shall
Sark, a shirt or shift; half-sarkit, poorly clad
Saugh, the willow
Saul, soul
Saumont, salmon
Saunt, a saint
Saut, salt; sautit, salted; saut-basket, salt-box
Saw, to sow; sawin, sowing
Sax, six
Scaith or skaith, to damage, to injure
Scar, to scare; a scar, or scaur, foot of a precipice
Scaud, to scald
Scauld, to scold
Scaur, apt to be scared
Scawl, or scaul, a scold
Scone, a kind of bread
Sconner, scunner, a loathing; to loathe
Scraich, skreigh, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear; a rent; detached portion
Scriechin, shrieking, grating noise
Scrieve, to glide swiftly on; scrievin', going along briskly; also, to write, or inscribe
Scrimp, to scant; scrimpet, scanty; scrimply, scarcely
Seam, needlework
Sel', self; a body's sel', one's self alone
Sell't, did sell
Semple folk, common people
Session, kirk session, petty spiritual court
Sets, sets off, goes away
Settlin, settling; to get a settlin, to be frighted into quietness
Shaird, a shred, a shard
Shackl't, mis-shapen
Shame (think), be ashamed
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into
Shaul, shallow
Shaver, a humorous wag; a barber
Shavie, a trick
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place
Shearer, a reaper; shearing, reaping corn
Sheen, bright, shining
Sheep-shank, to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited
Sherra-Muir, battle of Sherriffmuir, fought A.D. 1715 (*Mar's year*).
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice
Shiel, a shepherd's shed
Shill, shrill
Shog, a shock; a push off at one side
Shool, a shovel
Shoon, shoes
Shore, to grant, deal out; to offer; to threaten
Shouther, shoulder
Sic, such
Sicker, sure, steady, firm
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting
Silken snood, virgin's fillet
Siller, silver; money
Silly, weak, frail, helpless
Simmer, summer
Sin, a son
Sin', since, sinsyne, since that time
Skaith, harm, damage
Skellum, a reckless fellow
Skelp, a slap; to strike; to walk briskly
Skelpie-limmer, a young jade; term of reproach
Skelpin' on, brisk motion
Skiegh, skeigh, proud, nice, high-mettled; skittish
Skinklin, thin, tinselly
Skinking ware, trashy slops
Skirl, shriek, cry shrilly
Skirl't, shrieked
Sklent, slant; to run aslant, to deviate from truth
Skreigh, a scream, also to scream; to neigh
Skyte, a blast
Slae, sloe
Slade, did slide
Slap, gate, breach in a fence
Slaps, slops, dregs, remains
Slaw, slow
Slee, sly; slee'st, slyest
Sleekit, sleek, sly
Sliddery, slippery
Sloken, to slake thirst, &c.
Slype, to fall over
Slypet o'er, slipped, fell
Smeddum, powder; mettle; sense; red smeddum, precipitate of mercury
Smeek, smoke
Smiddy, a smithy
Smoor, to smother
Smoutie, sooty; obscene
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals
Snapper, stumble
Snash, reprimand; abuse
Snaw, snow; to snow
Snaw broo, melting snow
Sneck, snick, latch of a door
Sned, to lop, to cut off; to sned besoms, thraw saugh woodies, to make brooms, willow baskets
Sneeshin, snuff
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box
Snell, bitter, biting
Snick-drawing, tricky
Snirtle, sneer
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely; to sneak
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly; to sneak
Sonnet, a song
Snowk, to scent or snuff as a dog
Sonsie, having sweet engaging looks, comely, plump
Soom, to swim
Sot, a fool
Sooth, truth! a petty oath
Sough, or sugh, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear
Souk, suck, draught
Souple, flexible, swift
Souter, a cobbler, a shoemaker
Southron, English
Sowens, a dish made of the seeds of oatmeal soured
Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid
Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle
Sowther, souther, solder; to solder, to cement; to reconcile; to compensate
Spae, to prophesy, to divine
Spak', spoke
Spaul, a limb
Spat, spot
Spairge, to sprinkle, to asperse, to dash; to soil
Spaviet, having the spavin
Spean, to wean, to disgust
Speat, or spate, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw
Speel, to climb
Spence, inner room of a cot
Spier, to ask, to inquire
Spier't, inquired
Splatter, a splutter; to splutter
Spleuchan, a tobacco-pouch
Spiore, a frolic, noise, riot
Spouts, leaps
Sprachle, to scramble
Speckled, speckled
Spring, a quick air in music, a Scotch reel; play'd mysel' a bonny spring, done myself a great injury
Sprit, a rush-like plant
Sprush, spruce, smart
Spunk, brimstone match; fire, mettle, wit

Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o'-wisp, ignis fatuus
Spurtle, a stick used in making hasty-pudding
Squad, a crew, a party
Squatter, to flutter as a wild duck, &c.
Squattle, to squat, sprawl
Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream
Stacher, to stagger
Stack, rick of corn, hay, &c.
Staggie, dimin. of stag
Stalwart, strong, stout
Stan', to stand; stan't, did stand
Stane, a stone
Stang, sting, stung
Stank, a pool of standing water; a wet ditch
Stap, stop
Stark, stout, potent
Starns, starnies, stare
Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gadfly
Staumrel, a blockhead; half-witted creature
Staw, did steal; a surfeit
Stech, to cram the belly
Steek, to shut; a stitch
Steer, to molest; to stir
Steeve, firm, compact
Stell, a still
Sten, to rear as a horse
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind
Stey, steep
Stibble, stubble; stibble-rig, the leading reaper
Stick an' stowe, totally
Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel
Stipend, clergyman's pay
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old
Stock, a plant or sprout of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stoitered, staggered, tottered
Stook, a sheaf; stooked, made up in shocks as corn
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong and hoarse
Stound, a numbing blow
Stot, an ox
Stoup, or stowp, a kind of jug with a handle
Stoure, or stour, dust
Stowlins, by stealth
Stown, stolen
Stoyte, stumbling walk
Strack, did strike
Strae, straw
Straik, stroke; did strike
Straikit, stroked
Strathspey, lively Highland tune or dance
Straught, straight
Streek, to stretch; streekit, stretched
Striddle, straddle
Stroan, to spout; to urine
Studdie, an anvil
Strunt, spirituous liquor; walk sturdily; be piqued
Sturt, to trouble; unquietness; sturtin, frighted
Sucker, sugar
Sud, should
Sumph, a fool, stupid fellow
Swaird, sward
Swall'd, swelled
Swark, stately, well built
Swankie, or swanker, a strapping fellow or girl
Swarf, swoon
Swat, did sweat
Swatch, a sample
Swats, drink, ale
Sweer, lazy, averse; deadsweer, extremely averse
Swoor, swore, did swear
Swinge, to beat, to whip
Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool; knot in wood
Swirlie, gnarled, knotty
Swith, get away!
Swither, hesitate in choice
Sybow, thick-necked onion
Syne, since, ago, then, afterwards; auld lang syne, the dear olden time

Tackers, kind of shoe-nails
Tack, a lease
Tae, a toe; three-tae'd, having three prongs
Thief (the foul), Satan
Tairge, target; to examine
Tamtallan, an old feudal castle on the south-east coast of Scotland
Tangle, kind of sea-weed
Tap, the top
Tapetless, heedless, foolish
Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance
Tarrow't, murmured
Tarry-breeks, a sailor
Tassie (Fr. *tasse*), drinking-cup, beaker
Tauld, or tald, told
Taupie, a foolish thoughtless young woman
Tauted, tawted, or tautie hair, &c. matted together
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled
Teat, a small quantity; a handful
Tedding, spreading after the mower
Temper-pin, part of a spinning-wheel
Ten-hour's-bite, early bait
Tent, a field pulpit; heed, caution; take heed
Tentie, heedful, cautious
Tentless, regardless, heedless
Teugh, tough
Thack, thatch; thack-an'-rape (figuratively), clothing and necessaries
Thae, thir, these
Thaim, them
Thairms, fiddle-strings
Theekit, thatched
Thegither, together
Themsel', themselves
Thick, intimate, familiar
Thieveless, cold, dry; said of a person's demeanour
Thirl, to thrill
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated
Thole, to suffer, to endure
Thowe, a thaw; to thaw
Thowless, thewless, slack
Thrang, throng, a crowd; thickly; much occupied
Thrapple, throat, windpipe
Thraw, to turn, to sprain, to twist; to counterwork obstinately or maliciously
Thrawin, twisting, &c.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted; cross-grained (in temper)
Threap, to maintain by dint of obstinate assertion
Threshin, thrashing
Threteen, thirteen
Thristle, thistle
Through, to go on with, to make out
Throuther, thro'ither, pell-mell, confusedly
Thud, a blow producing a dull heavy sound
Thumpit, thumped
Tightly, completely; severely
Till, to; till't, to it
Timmer, timber; also trees
Tine, tyne, to lose; tint, lost
Tinkler, a tinker
Tint the gate, lost the way
Tip, tuip, toop, a ram
Tippence, two-pence; tippenny, country ale
Tirl, to make a slight noise; to uncover
Tirlin, uncovering
Tither, the other
Tittie, female cousin
Tittle, to whisper
Tittlin', whispering
Tocher, marriage portion; tocher band (bond), marriage settlement
Tod, a fox
Toddle, to totter, like a child; toddlin', tottering
Toom, empty; to empty
Toss, toast
Toun, a hamlet; also a farm-house
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.
Tow, a rope; wallop in a tow, dangle in a halter
Towmond, a twelvemonth
Towzie, rough, shaggy
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress
Toyte, to totter like old age
Traced, put in traces
Trams, shafts of a vehicle
Transmogrified, transformed
Trashtrie, trash, rubbish
Trews, trowsers
Trig, spruce, neat
Trimly, excellently
Trowth, truth; by my trowth!
Tryste, country wake, fair-rendezvous

Trysted, appointed; to tryste, to make an appointment
Try't, tried
Tug, raw hide, of which, in old times, plough-traces were frequently made
Tug or tow, leather or rope
Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight
Twa, two; twa-three, a few
'Twad, it would
Twal, twelve; the twalt, twelfth part; twal-pennie worth, a small quantity, one English pennyworth
Twin, to part
Tyke, a dog

Unco, strange, uncouth; very, very great, prodigious; unco folks, strangers; uncos, uncommon events; news
Unfauld, to unfold
Unkenn'd, unknown
Unsicker, unsure
Unskaith'd, undamaged
Unweeting, unknowingly
Urchin, a hedgehog

Vapour, vap'rin, vapouring, bullying, bragging
Vauntie, vain, proud
Vera, very
Virl, a ring round a cane, column, &c.

Wa', wall
Wab, web
Wabster, a weaver
Wad, would; to bet, a bet, a pledge; to wed
Wadna, would not
Wae, wae, sorrowful; wae worth! woe to
Waefu' woodie, halter
Waesucks! or wae's me! alas! O the pity
Waft, woof
Waifu', waefu', wailing
Wair, ware, to lay out, to expend
Wale, choice; to choose
Waled, chose, chosen
Walie, ample, large, plump; also an exclamation of distress
Wallop (in a tether) be hanged
Wame (womb), the belly
Wamefu', a belly-full
Wanchancie, unlucky
Wanner, wander
Wanrestfu', restless
Wark, work
Wark-loom (best), membrum virile
Warl', or warld, world
Warlock, a wizard; warlock-brief, a spell
Warlock-knowes, knolls of haunted repute
Warl'y, worldly, eager in amassing wealth
Warran', a warrant; to warrant
Warst, worst
Warstled, or warsled, wrestled; rolled over
Was (often stands for) wast
Wa's, walls
Wastrie, prodigality
Wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know; red-wat-shod, over the shoes in blood
Water-brose, brose made of oatmeal and water
Wattle, a twig, a wand
Wauble, to swing, to reel; to waddle
Waught, draught; willie-waught, hearty pull
Wauk, wake
Wauken, waking, awake
Waukit, thickened as fullers do cloth; callous
Waukrife, wakeful
Waur, worse, to worst
Waur't, worsted, overcome
Ways (come thy), come away
Wean (wee ane, i. e. little one) or weanie, a child
Weason, weasand
Weave stockings, to knit hose
Wee, little; wee things, little ones; wee bit, a small matter
Weel, well; weel-fa'rd, well-favour'd, handsome
Weeltare, welfare
Weet, rain, wetness
Weird, fate
We'se, we shal
Wha, who
Whaizle, to wheeze
Whalpit, whelped
Whang, a leathern thong; a piece of cheese, bread, &c.; give the strappado
Whare, whaur, where; whare'er, wherever
Whase, whose
What-reck, nevertheless
Whaup, the curlew
Wheep, fly nimbly, to jerk; penny-wheep, small beer
Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frighted; a lie
Whiddin, running as a hare or coney
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets
Whingein, crying, complaining, fretting
Whins, furze bushes
Whirligigums, useless ornaments
Whisht, silence!
Whisk, to sweep, to lash
Whisking (beard), cat-like
Whitter, whet; a hearty draught of liquor
Whittle, a knife
Whunstane, a whinstone
Whup, whip
Whyles, whiles, sometimes
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction; a term in the winter diversion of curling
Wicker, willow, (*i. e.* the smaller sort)
Widdiefu', twisted like a withy; contemptible; one deserving the gallows
Wiel, a small whirlpool
Wifie, a dimin. or endearing term for wife
Willyart, bewildered
Wimple, to meander
Win, to win, to get, to earn
Win', wind; win's, winds; also to winnow
Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn; winnin', winding
Winna, will not
Winnock, a window
Winsome, comely, vaunted
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel; to quiver
Winze, an oath
Wiss, to wish; to have a strong desire
Wit, to know
Withouten, without
Witless, simple, easily imposed on
Wizen'd, dried, shrunk
Wonner, an intruder
Wons, dwells
Woo', wool
Woodie, a rope, properly one made of withies
Wooer-bab, lover's rosette; the garter fancifully knotted outwardly below the knee
Wordy, worthy
Worset, worsted
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder
Wrack, to teaze, to vex
Wraith, wrath; also a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, boding his death
Wrang, wrong, to wrong
Wreath, drifted snow
Writers, attorneys, lawyers
Wud, enraged
Wud-mad, distracted
Wummle, a wimble
Wyle, beguile, wheedle
Wylie-coat, a flannel vest
Wyte, blame; to blame

Yard, a kitchen garden
Ye; this pronoun is frequently used for thou
Yearlings, yealings, born in the same year, coevals
Yell, barren, milkless
Yerk, to lash, to jerk
Yerkit, jerked, lashed
Yestreen, yesternight, the night before
Yett, a gate, such as leads to a farm-yard or field
Yeuking, itching
Yill, ale
Yird, earth
Yokin', yoking, a bout
Yont, ayont, beyond
Yowe, yowie, a ewe
Yule, Christmas

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